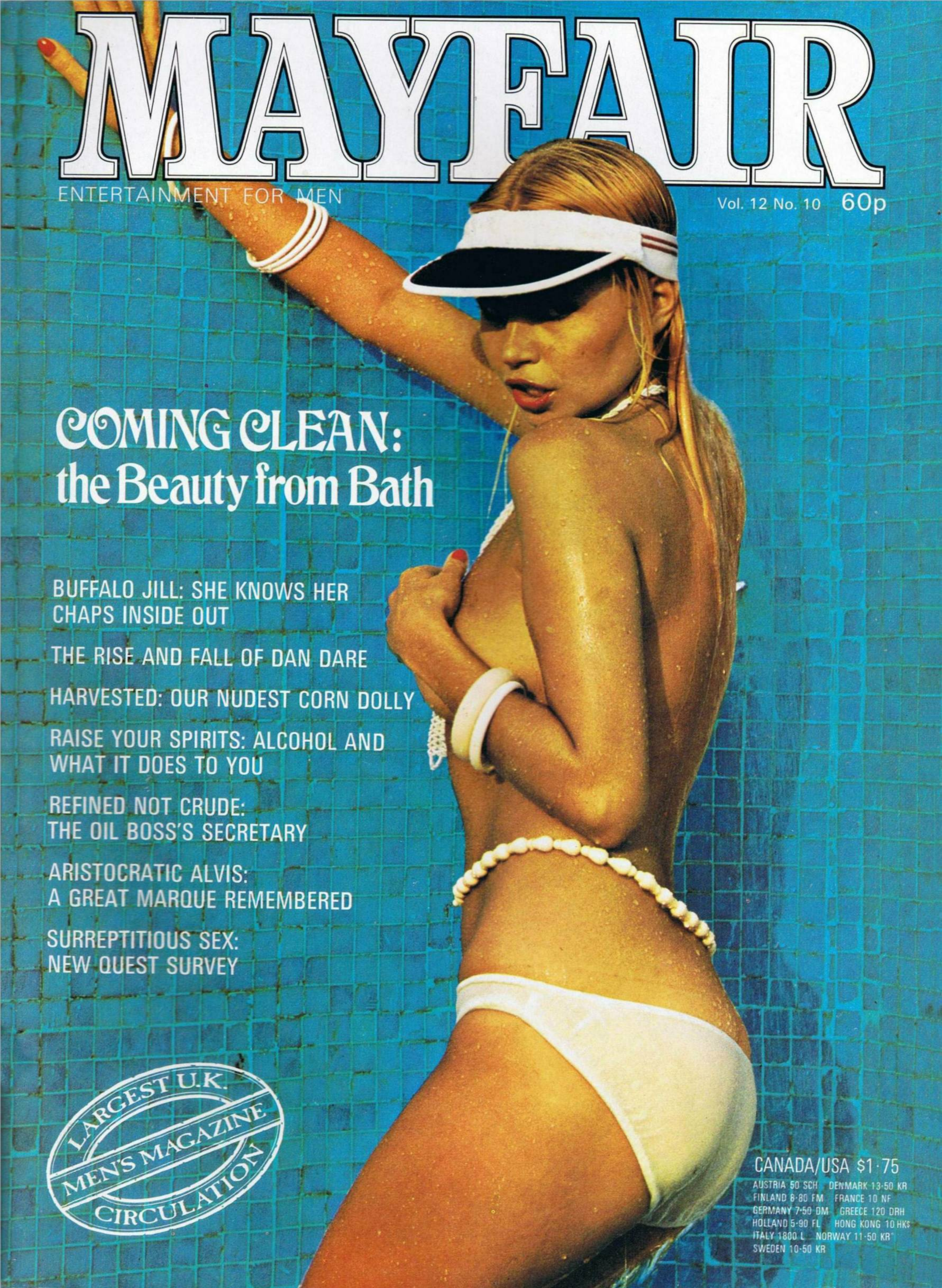

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Vol. 12 No. 10 60p

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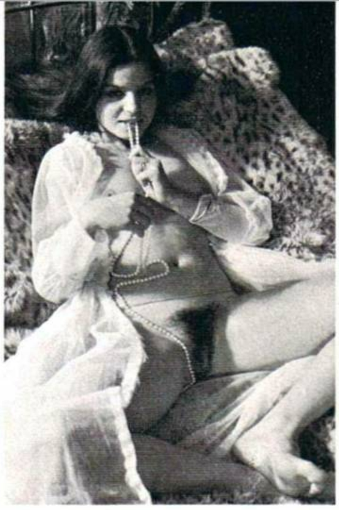

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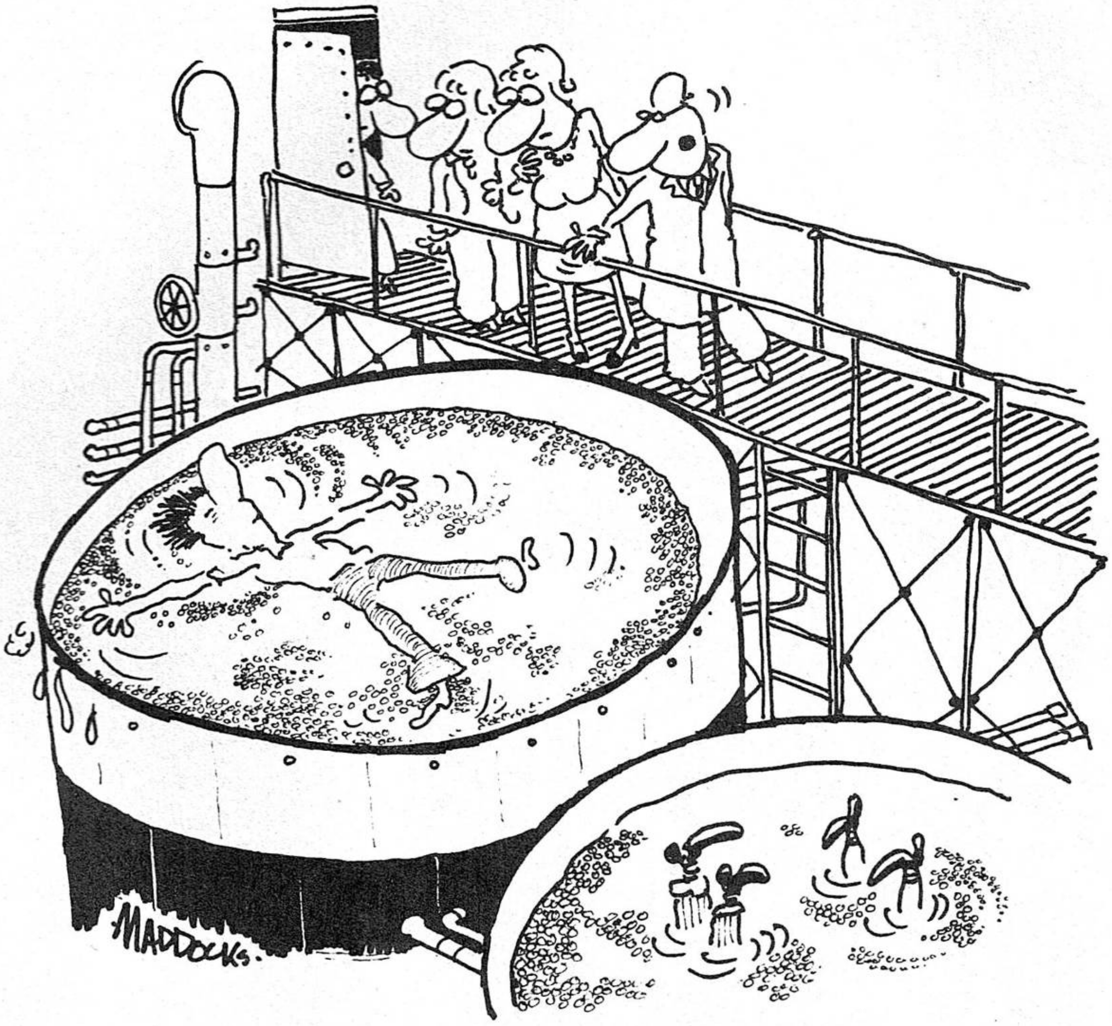
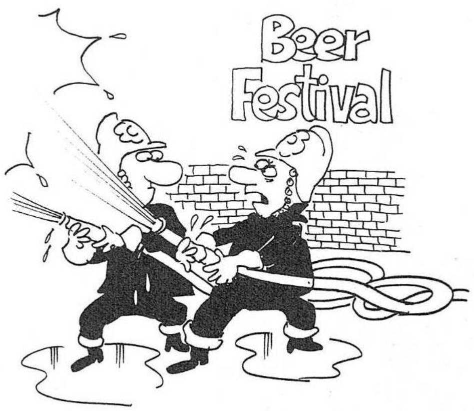


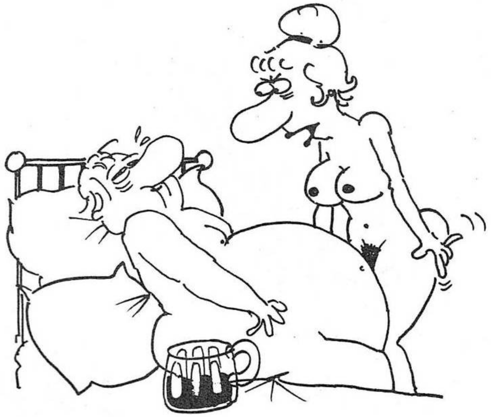
'You can always tell real ale by the hop-pickers floating about on the top.'

BREW HA-HAs

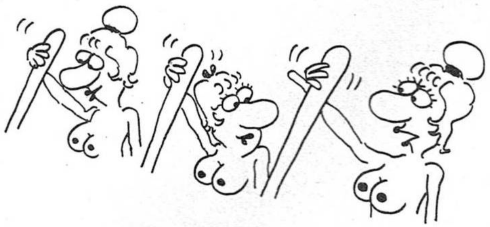
Peter Maddocks presents, for the ale and
hearty, and fermented from his own bitter experiences,
a bawdy, tongue-in-cheek look at beer



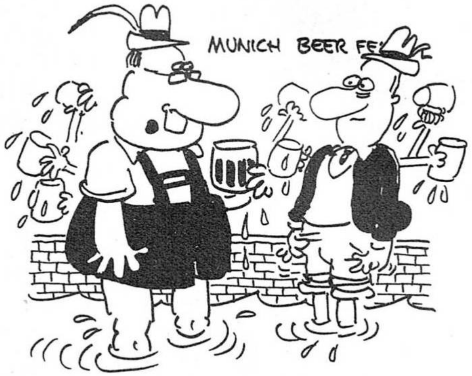
'I joined the service to fight fires – not to deliver beer.'



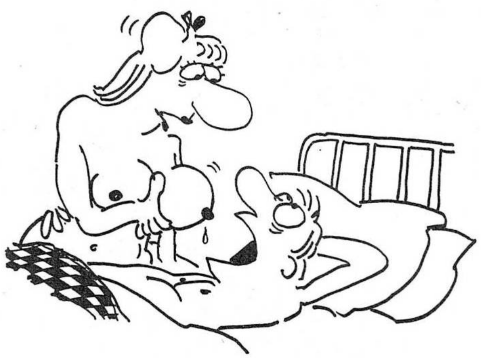
'Listen – if I slapped a label on your pot it would pass for a bottle of Guinness.'



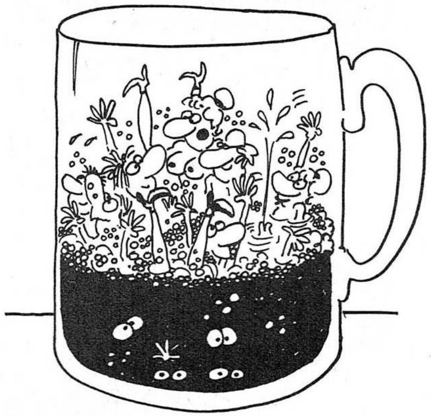
'I hate these kinky beer festivals, don't you?'



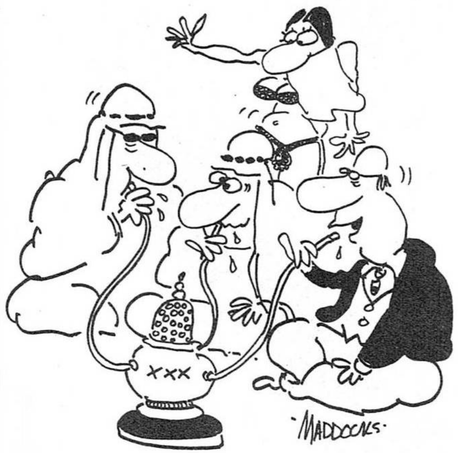
'Now you know why we always wear these silly little leather shorts.'



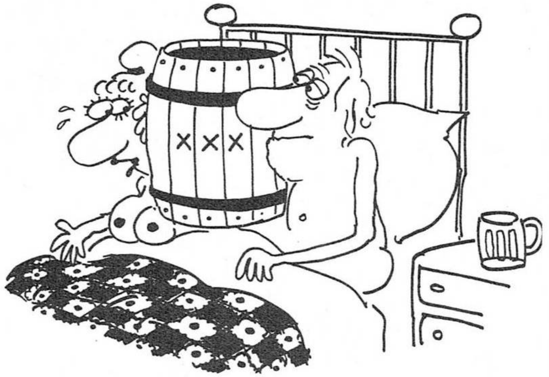
'I'm going to have to charge you extra for the milk stout.'



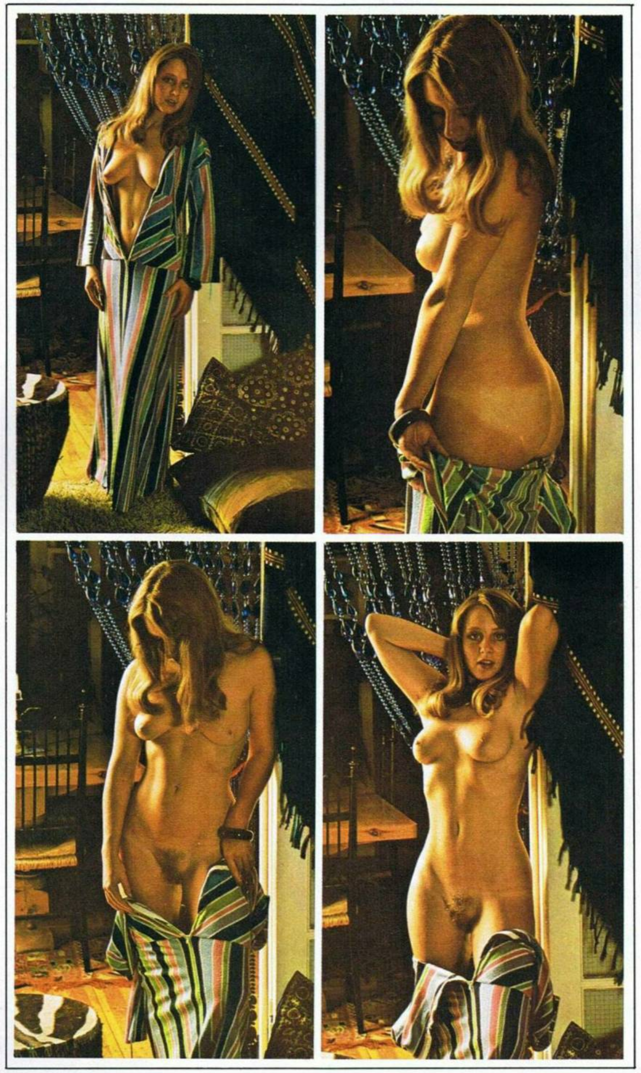
'Hello, boys. Is this your first beer festival?'



'You crafty devils – I always thought you lot were smoking that thing.'



'Drinking it? – That's a relief, I thought you were going to stand on it.'

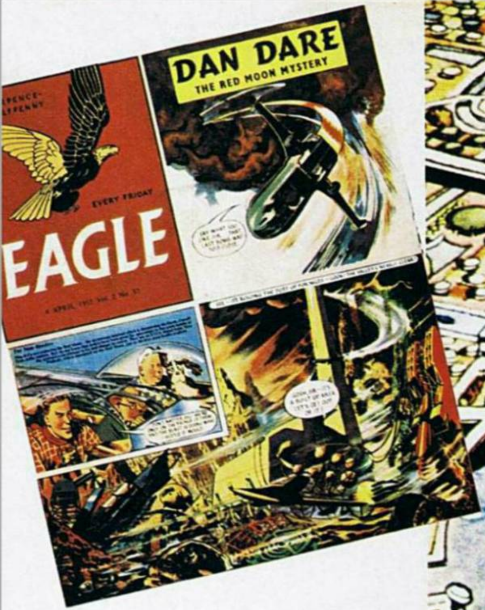


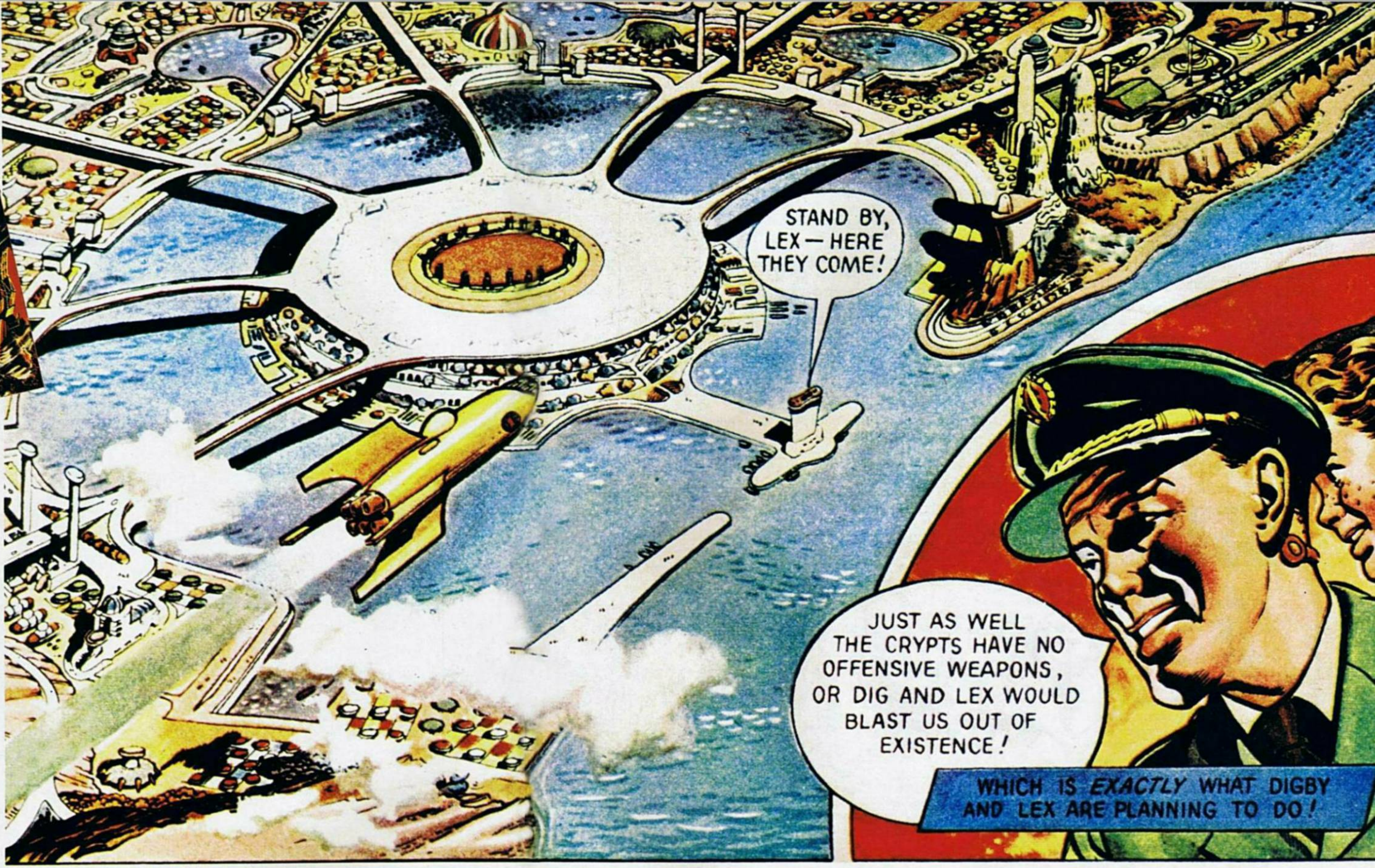
PETA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

'The trouble is,' avers 23-year-old Peta Onslow, 'that I have rather a complex series of nicknames which sometimes leaves me not knowing whether I'm coming or going. To my friends I'm Pete, plain and simple. At work, I'm known as "ship" – you know, my initials, PO, they're the same as that shipping line. Finally, also stemming from my initials is "BO" which is what I got called at school.' Peta laughs. 'Now you look as confused as I sometimes feel!' The schizophrenic ('that just about sums me up,' she agrees) though delectable Miss Onslow was born in Canterbury and now lives in London's Swiss Cottage, each morning bicycling through Regents Park past the zoo to one of those

chrome and concrete towers in the West End where she is a receptionist. 'I have cultivated this most *delightful* manner,' she grins, tongue-in-cheek and mock plum in mouth, 'which goes in keeping with the job. Actually it sends me bonkers half the time as I'd like to be out and actually *doing* something instead of being planted on my backside all day. That's one of the reasons I thought I'd have a crack at modelling – I couldn't conceivably think of anything more different to what I was doing. And,' she adds, 'boyfriends tell me that I should put my figure, 36–24–36, to better use.' Peta giggles. 'We do sometimes have *Mayfair* in our magazine rack at work. I'd love to see someone's reaction to seeing me sitting there large as life in front of him seconds after he'd been ogling my pictures. I'll look forward to that. Maybe I'll go braless too and wobble about in front of him. Mmm. This sounds like fun!'

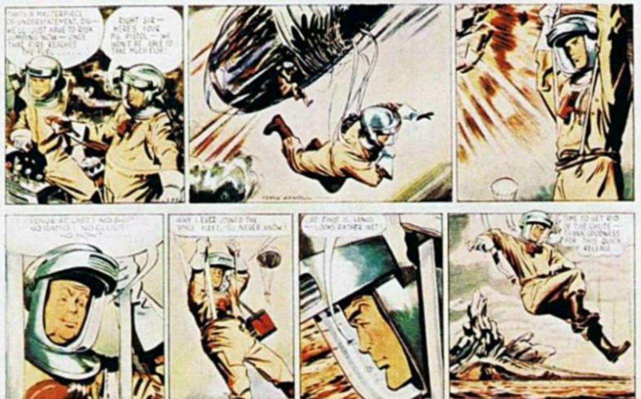

DAN DARE
THE RED MOON MYSTERY
EVERY FRIDAY
EAGLE


STAND BY, LEX — HERE THEY COME!
JUST AS WELL THE CRYPTS HAVE NO OFFENSIVE WEAPONS, OR DIG AND LEX WOULD BLAST US OUT OF EXISTENCE!
WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT DIGBY AND LEX ARE PLANNING TO DO!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO DAN DARE?

By Alan Vince

Lead feature of the *Eagle,* Britain's most memorable boys comic of the fifties, Space Pilot Dan Dare was a new kind of cartoon strip hero. Today he and his creator, the artist Frank Hampson, enjoy a growing cult success


THAT'S A MASTERPIECE OF UNDERSTATEMENT, DIG — WE'LL JUST HAVE TO RISK JUMPING NOW — ONCE THAT FIRE REACHES THE FUEL......
WHY I EVER JOINED THE SPACE FLEET I'LL NEVER KNOW!
SO THIS IS VENUS — LOOKS RATHER WET!
TIME TO GET RID OF THE CHUTE — THANK GOODNESS FOR THIS QUICK RELEASE

The late twentieth century. Appearing without warning from the depths of space a gigantic alien spaceship crashes through Earth's defences. Inside is Lero, a gentle, blue and yellow-faced alien, bringing a desperate request for help from the people of Earth. He is a native of Cryptos, a distant planet under threat of imminent invasion by the neighbouring Phants, evil, lizard-faced warriors who are pledged to destroy everything and everyone in their path. Only one man on Earth can save the Crypts from total destruction. His name? Daniel McGregor Dare, Chief Pilot of Earth's Space Fleet - otherwise, the lean, lantern-jawed hero of one of Britain's most popular and memorable boys' comics, *Eagle.*

From its debut on April 14, 1950 – when its one million copies at threepence a piece were an immediate sell-out – until its eventual demise in 1969, *Eagle* brought the futuristic adventures of Dan Dare to hundreds and thousands of devoted fans, aged from nine to ninety. Today only BBC TV's *Dr Who* – another sci-fi adventure designed initially for children but which quickly gathered an avid adult audience – can match Dare's appeal. Why then did the exploits of Space Fleet's first captain and his battles with the Phants, the Black Cats of Saturn, the Treens, not to mention the infamous dome-headed Mekon of Venus, attract such universal adulation? Part of the answer certainly lies with the basic idea of *Eagle.* It grew, uniquely, out of a Christian magazine called *The Anvil,* edited in the 1940s by Marcus Morris, then vicar of St James's in Birkdale, Lancashire. Morris, now managing director of the National Magazine Company, was attracted by the work of a young artist called Frank Hampson and saw his illustrations as a way to boost *The Anvil's* drooping circulation. Putting their heads together Morris and Hampson agreed that the only way to achieve publishing success was to produce a national magazine and the most straightforward and attention-gathering medium would be an illustrated children's comic. But it would have to be, in Hampson's own words 'visually interesting and exciting' – hardly an original thought today, but in the late forties British-based comics like *Wizard, Rover* and *Hotspur* featured little more than

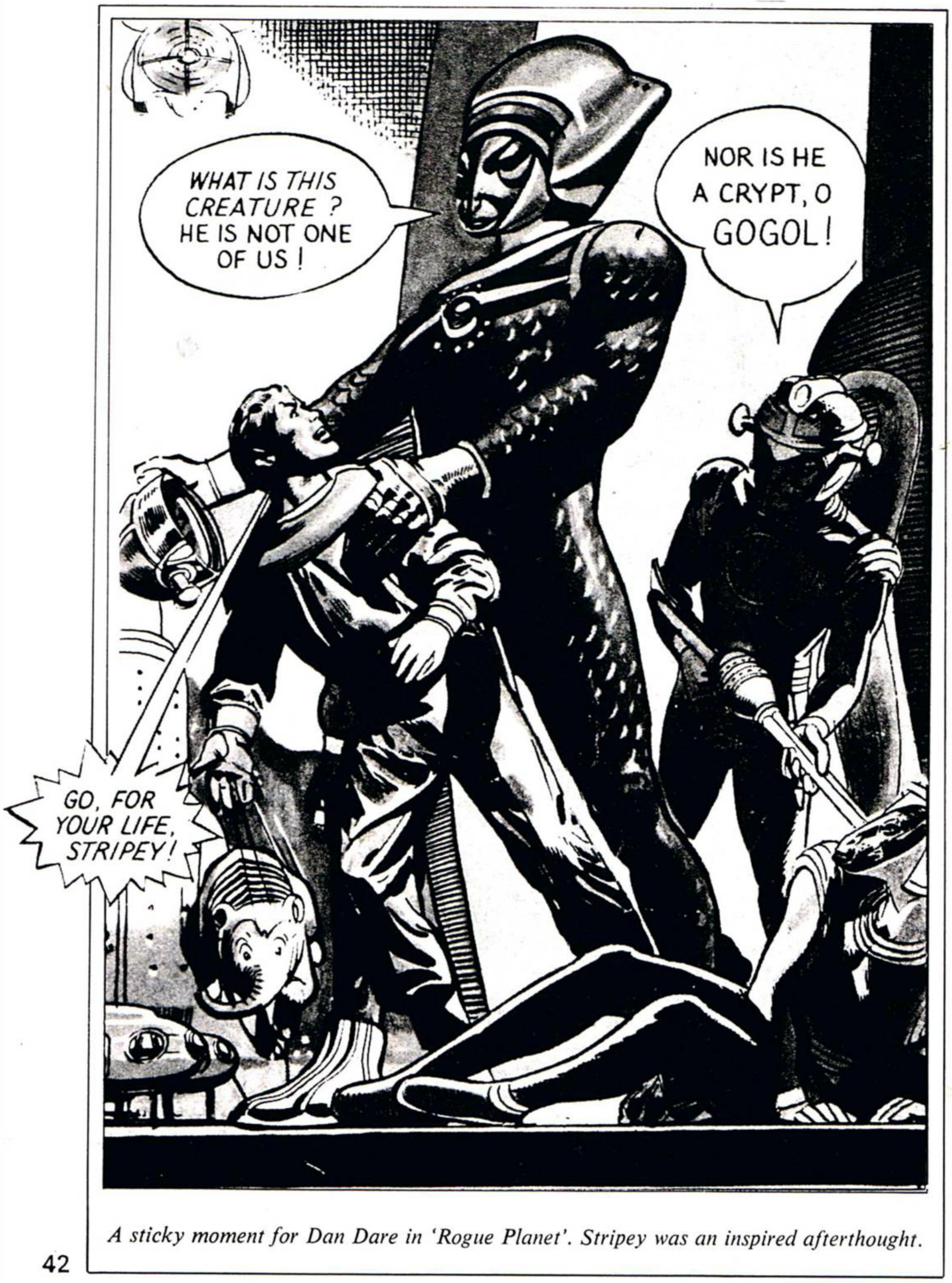
Whatever happened to Dan Dare

continued from page 40

ability to get 'mixed-up' in any futuristic piece of gadgetry he would come across. Sir Hubert Guest (sometimes known as 'Orrible 'Ubert) was born in 1943 – a common birthyear for many of *Eagle's* readers; Frank wanted them to imagine that they might one day take part in a future as entralling as Dan's, a welcome thought in the days of ration cards.

But Dan himself, the kingpin, was the most carefully wrought of the characters. A 'true Englishman', very much after the model of the young Battle of Britain pilots who were at that time still one of the country's most evocative heroes. Dan Dare (born Manchester 1967, hobbies: cricket, fencing, riding, painting and model making) was never intended to be a super hero, leaping out of extreme danger – Flash Gordon-style – with the help of a handy superweapon. Athletic, resourceful, confident and efficient, his virtues were strictly on the human scale. 'Dan,' admits Frank, 'was the man I always wanted to be. Digby – a dour Lancastrian with a sense of humour – was the man I saw myself as then.' Unusual too was the way in which the strip was produced – no British comic serial had ever been created by a team of artists. While Frank himself visualised each strip in rough sketches he had no time to do more than 80 to 90 per cent of the black and white drawing. The colouring was handed over to assistants. Artists like Eric Eden, another former Southport Art School student, concentrated on brushwork and the mechanical drawings; Walkden Fisher built many scale model spaceships, as well as drawing many of *Eagle's* centrespread cutaway drawings. Joan Porter, an artist from Holmeswood, came to take responsibility for keeping up the Dan Dare records, ensuring the consistency of characters throughout.

In the early days, the Hampson team – responsible then for three further pages in the magazine, Dare amounting to only two – worked from a corrugated iron lean-to shed, formerly a bakery off Botanic Road in Churchtown, Southport. Its glass roof helped to make up for somewhat primitive conditions. These improved when the team moved to Marcus Morris' house in Epsom, where the entire ground floor was quickly swallowed up by no less than three Dan Dare studios. Team members changed over the years. Artist Keith Watson, who joined in 1957, moved on to Dare's sci-fi rival, Captain Condor in the *Lion*, resumed Dare single-handedly when Frank left the strip 1959; Frank himself put in an early request for transfer to the back page to concentrate on a life of St Paul, 'The Great Adventurer', but by then Dare's appeal was recognised; it was selling the magazine and Frank's touch was vital.


WHAT IS THIS CREATURE ? HE IS NOT ONE OF US !
NOR IS HE A CRYPT, O GOGOL!
GO, FOR YOUR LIFE, STRIPEY!

A sticky moment for Dan Dare in 'Rogue Planet'. Stripey was an inspired afterthought.

Oddly enough, despite the almost obsessive attention to detail, the plot line of Dare's adventures were often almost perilously vague. When Hulton Press agreed to take up the *Eagle* there were only four of its weekly issues in hand. '*Eagle* became so popular, so quickly that I found myself in the driver's cabin of an unstoppable train,' Frank recalled in a recent interview in the trade magazine. *Campaign*. 'I asked the publishers if they could find me a writer to help with the plot. Keep going until instalment eleven, they said, then we'll have someone who can come in as part of the team.' With some assistance from the science fiction novelist Arthur C Clarke, Frank had written the earliest stories himself. But Hulton's were true to their word and a writer picked up episode 12, only to run out of inspiration six weeks later. Swallowing his qualms, Frank promptly soldiered on alone. 'I must admit I did have a very rough outline of the way I wanted the plot to go,' he says. 'But working from week to week meant that I could be very flexible. I made a point of trying to end each episode at a place that would give me a really powerful picture with which to start the next issue.'

Even when the late Alan Stranks, creator of another *Eagle* favourite, PC 49, joined the team as scriptwriter in 1954, Frank maintained a firm grip on the way the plots progressed. An example is the story 'Rogue Planet' – which begins with the Crypt Lero's dramatic flight to Earth – an adventure Frank himself counts among his best.

Lero persuades Dan, Digby, Naval Commander Lex O'Malley and 'Astral' cadet 'Flamer' Spry to return with him to the peaceful planet of Cryptos. They arrive as the invasion of the neighbouring Phant warriors begins. This, it is explained, occurs at 10,000-year intervals when the orbits of the two planets cross. The Crypt survivors regularly escape in a giant spaceship, the Kra ('ark' spelled backwards), returning later to rebuild their shattered world. Dan is captured by Gogol, the Phant's giant commander who takes him back to the

turn to page 51

black and white line drawings to illustrate written stories. The only real visual opposition came from the United States, where the keynote of its own visually exciting comics was extreme physical violence. Morris and Hampson planned *Eagle* as a direct counterbalance, preserving the visual flair of its most exciting competitors but publishing stories that would convey fundamentally Christian standards and attitudes. The concept of a *moral* yet exciting and profitable magazine was certainly noble but it needed a touch of genius to bring it to fruition. Much of that was provided by the man who was to become *Eagle's* chief designer, the creator of Dan Dare, Frank Hampson.

Despite a love of comics and admiration for strip cartoon artists like Milton Caniff and Hal Foster, Hampson had little experience of the magazine field. Born in Audenshaw, Manchester in December 1918, he had always enjoyed a talent for action drawing – a predilection fostered by his father, Robert Hampson, then an inspector with the Southport police, who brought sheets of paper home for his son to use for drawing. Frank's father – later to be the model for Sir Hubert Guest, Controller of the Interplanet Space Fleet – was to provide further encouragement for his son. Realising Frank was serious about an artistic career he showed some of his drawings to the head of the Victoria School of Art and Science. By this time Frank was a telegraphic messenger for the Post Office, but the introduction enabled him to attend art classes whenever his work permitted. Then the war intervened, a period notable in Frank's artistic development largely for his first experience of rockets, during a barrage on Antwerp in 1944. 'We were under a constant rain of them,' he remembers. 'But there in the sky above the quays at Antwerp you could watch the birth of space travel.' After the war, Frank resumed his art school training at the Southport School of Art. It was there, before completing his three year course, that he met Marcus Morris.

In consultation with Morris, Frank agreed to produce 'dummies' of the first three issues of their projected new magazine. The name came from his wife, Dorothy; Frank drew up the black and yellow *Eagle* logo and the big sell began. After long negotiations Hulton Press finally agreed to buy.

From the start it had been decided that *Eagle's* contents were to be of a very high standard, which made the choice of a front page feature all the more important. Frank remembers a final choice between the Wild West and science fiction. Realising the popularity of cowboys and indians, he still felt that the future would offer the more exciting visual possibilities and the decision was made. All that was needed now was an easily recognisable hero with a name that would stick in the mind. Frank returned to an idea he had had for some time for a female detective called Dorothy Dare – a change of sex gave him the character he needed. From there a cast of characters was assembled, each immediately discernable despite the bulky spacesuits that most would be required to wear. Dan Dare's hair and nose were based on Frank's own, 'because it was all I had to model from,' he remembers. Dare's crooked eyebrows provided flexibility of expression even when his head was encased in a space helmet. His batman, Spaceman Albert Fitzwilliam Digby, a short, tubby figure was given simple, round eyes. Pilot Hank Brennan Hogan, a leading Space Fleet pilot, wore distinctive spectacles; while Pilot/Major Pierre August Lafayette sported a dark Gallic moustache. But that was only the beginning of Frank's care with his characters. Exact proportions of each individual were painstakingly worked out and rigidly adhered to; a scale model of Space Fleet headquarters was constructed so that backgrounds and perspective would be correct from any angle. There were models too of space craft, futuristic cars and helijets, and life-sized heads of alien characters – like Lero the Crypt and a green-faced Treen from Venus – which could be worn by models posing for particularly dramatic moments in the strip. Other *Eagle* artists were persuaded to help out with problems of action drawing, with Frank actually filming staged 'fights' in his own back garden, so that single frames could later be frozen to give the exact feel of violent activity. Even members of the Hampson family were not exempt. Frank remembers his late father's part: 'He was a perfect model; he could adopt just the right stance and hold it for ages.'

But this obsession with physical detail was only one aspect of the Dan Dare philosophy. Unique among cartoon artists of the time, Frank wanted to create a complete and convincing picture of his characters' world of the future. Backgrounds and relationships were carefully worked out, from cut-away views of Dan Dare's spacesuit (it was made of Hirschinium, an incredibly strong, lightweight alloy perfected by 'Edwin Hirschbaum' in 1980) to precise nuances of personality, like Sir Hubert Guest's male chauvinistic antagonism towards Miss Peabody – otherwise Professor Jocelyn Mabel Peabody, expert on nutrition, agriculture and botany. Miss Peabody – modelled on assistant artist Greta Tomlinson – was herself something of an innovation in a boys' magazine of the fifties. Then there were cracks about Digby's weight problem and his unfailing

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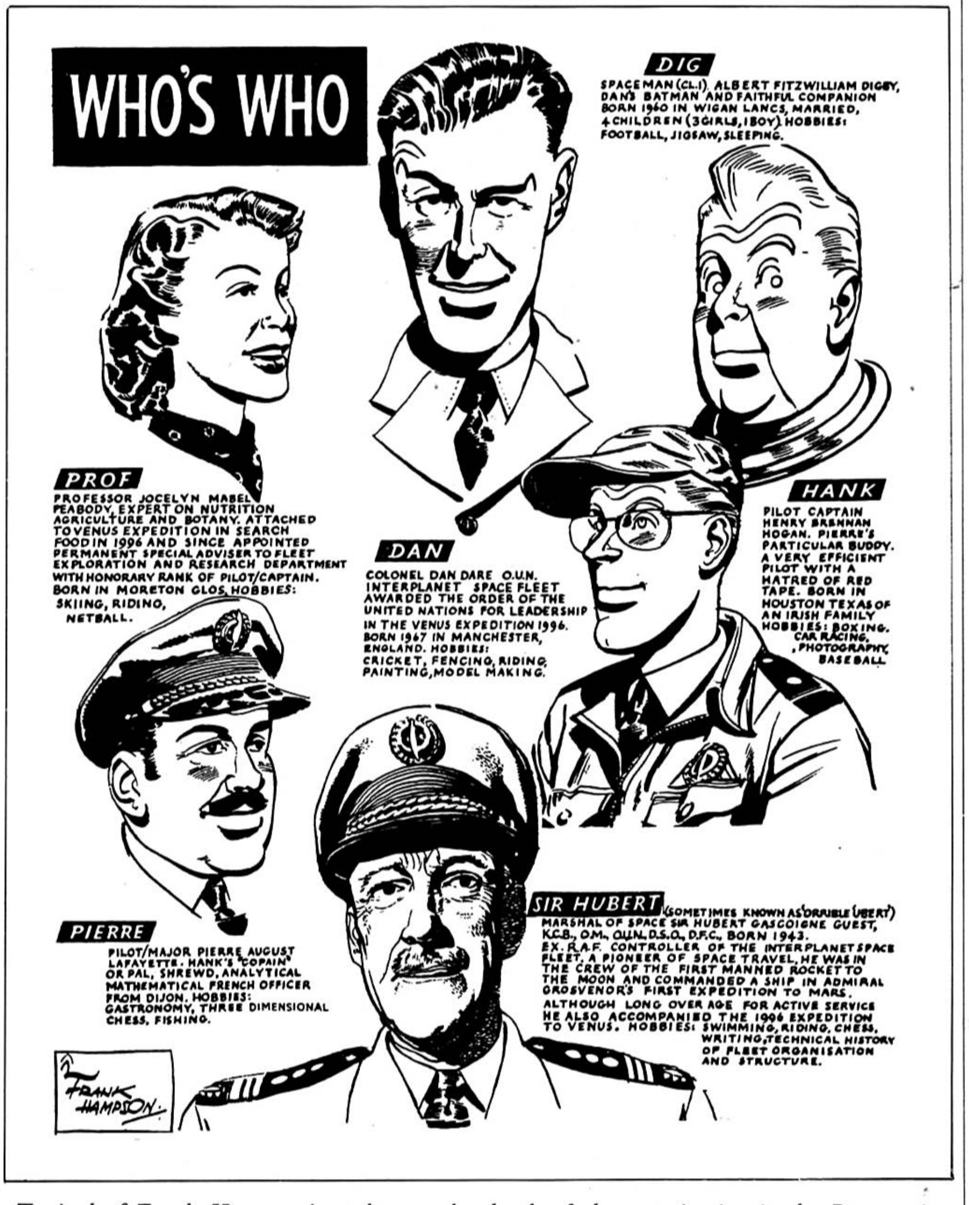
WHO'S WHO
DIG
SPACEMAN (CL.I). ALBERT FITZWILLIAM DIGBY, DAN'S BATMAN AND FAITHFUL COMPANION BORN 1960 IN WIGAN LANCS, MARRIED, 4 CHILDREN (3 GIRLS, 1 BOY). HOBBIES: FOOTBALL, JIGSAW, SLEEPING.
PROF
PROFESSOR JOCELYN MABEL PEABODY, EXPERT ON NUTRITION AGRICULTURE AND BOTANY. ATTACHED TO VENUS EXPEDITION IN SEARCH FOOD IN 1996 AND SINCE APPOINTED PERMANENT SPECIAL ADVISER TO FLEET EXPLORATION AND RESEARCH DEPARTMENT WITH HONORARY RANK OF PILOT/CAPTAIN. BORN IN MORETON GLOS. HOBBIES: SKIING, RIDING, NETBALL.
DAN
COLONEL DAN DARE O.U.N. INTERPLANET SPACE FLEET AWARDED THE ORDER OF THE UNITED NATIONS FOR LEADERSHIP IN THE VENUS EXPEDITION 1996. BORN 1967 IN MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. HOBBIES: CRICKET, FENCING, RIDING, PAINTING, MODEL MAKING.
HANK
PILOT CAPTAIN HENRY BRENNAN HOGAN. PIERRE'S PARTICULAR BUDDY. A VERY EFFICIENT PILOT WITH A HATRED OF RED TAPE. BORN IN HOUSTON TEXAS OF AN IRISH FAMILY HOBBIES: BOXING, CAR RACING, PHOTOGRAPHY, BASEBALL.
PIERRE
PILOT/MAJOR PIERRE AUGUST LAFAYETTE. HANK'S "COPAIN" OR PAL, SHREWD, ANALYTICAL MATHEMATICAL FRENCH OFFICER FROM DIJON. HOBBIES: GASTRONOMY, THREE DIMENSIONAL CHESS, FISHING.
SIR HUBERT (SOMETIMES KNOWN AS 'ORRIBLE 'UBERT')
MARSHAL OF SPACE SIR HUBERT GASCOIGNE GUEST, K.C.B., O.M., O.U.N., D.S.O., D.F.C., BORN 1943. EX. R.A.F. CONTROLLER OF THE INTERPLANET SPACE FLEET, A PIONEER OF SPACE TRAVEL, HE WAS IN THE CREW OF THE FIRST MANNED ROCKET TO THE MOON AND COMMANDED A SHIP IN ADMIRAL GROSVENOR'S FIRST EXPEDITION TO MARS. ALTHOUGH LONG OVER AGE FOR ACTIVE SERVICE HE ALSO ACCOMPANIED THE 1996 EXPEDITION TO VENUS. HOBBIES: SWIMMING, RIDING, CHESS, WRITING, TECHNICAL HISTORY OF FLEET ORGANISATION AND STRUCTURE.
FRANK HAMPSON.

Typical of Frank Hampson's style was the depth of characterisation in the Dare strip.

Whatever happened to Dan Dare

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'rogue' planet Phantos. Here Dan meets the real brain behind the Phant invasions, a robot called Orak. Orak, Dan realises, has been causing the Phants to become warlike by feeding them a particular kind of food capsule. This is the reason for the difference between Crypt and Phant natures. Using a 'converted' super-Phant of the planet's High Command as an ally, Dan eventually turns the Phant food production plant over to producing Crypt food. The Phants immediately become peaceable, Orak is exposed and Dan and company return to Earth.

As a final twist, Dan finds that Lero has lied about the speed at which his spaceship can travel. Though only a few weeks have passed on Cryptos, under Einstein's relativity laws Dan will have been away from Earth for ten years. He lands at a deserted Space Fleet headquarters and discovers an Earth dominated by the Mekon, the dome-headed evil genius from Venus, and a new battle begins . . .

One notable addition to the 'Rogue Planet' tale – and a character that was quickly taken up – was the Cryptosian creature, 'Stripey,' a small pig-like animal with a trunk and Zebra stripes. Stripey was not in the original draft of the story, but appeared in some drawings of the Cryptosian landscape made by Frank. Alan Stranks, then on his third Dare story, saw the drawings and immediately telephoned Frank's studio. 'What delightful little creatures,' he said. 'We've got to do something with them!'

Stripey was given the ability to kill Phants by squirting water over them through his trunk – water being to Phants what fire is to humans – and he carried several vital messages between Dan and his comrades.

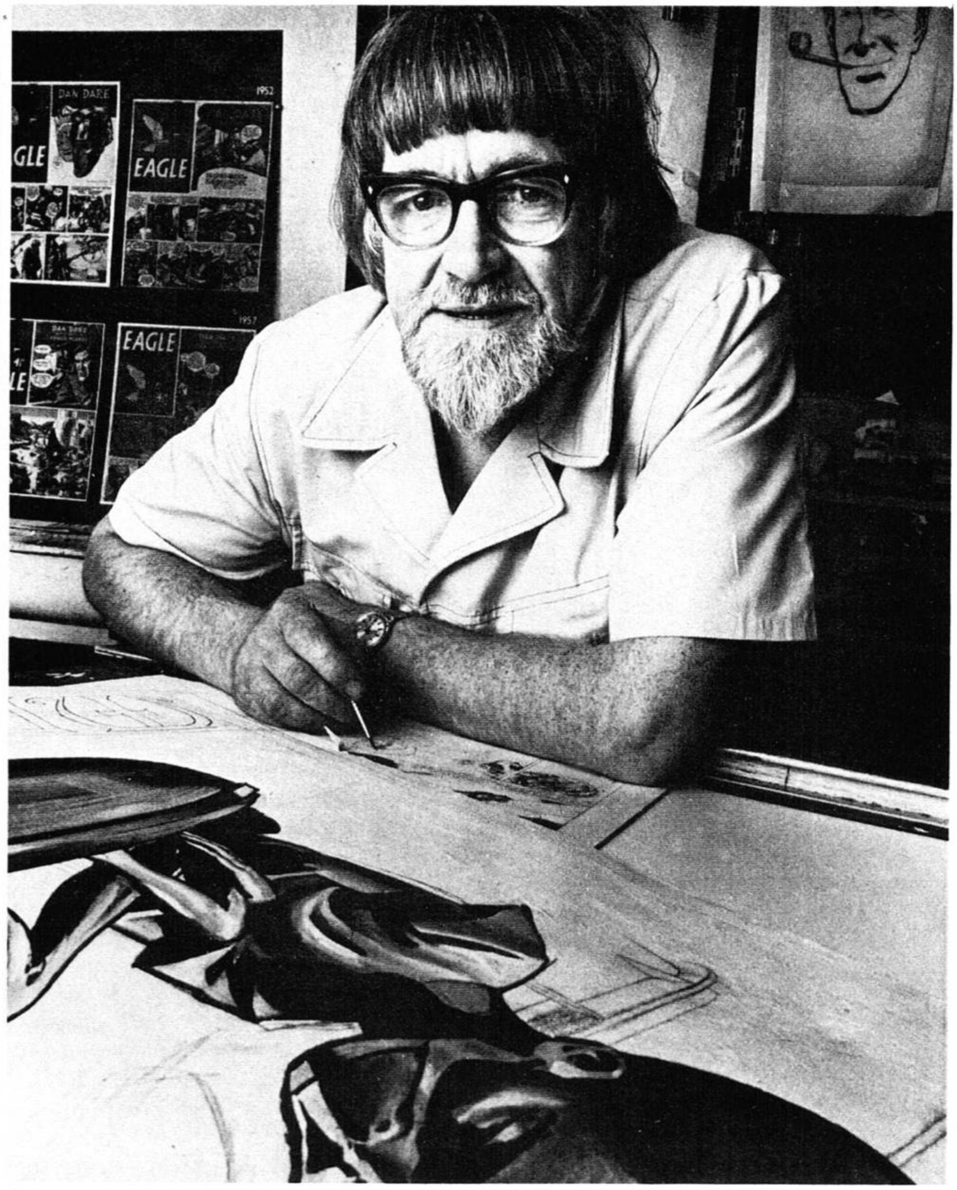
Other additions were the Super Phants – highly advanced forms of ordinary Phants – the Kruels, warrior priests of the robot Orak; and the Mecho-Brains, the Phant scientists. The ending was adapted to lead into the following, Mekon-based adventure, and there were a number of sub-plots that were never finally resolved, though Frank hoped to work them into some future tale. 'We were sometimes changing the script from week to week,' remembers Frank. 'Our telephones must have been the hardest worked in the country.'

But in the end the demands of the strip were to become too much and in August 1959 Frank handed Dan over and went on to 'The Road of Courage, a detailed strip feature of the life of Christ which he produced with Marcus Morris. He was never to return to the world of Space Fleet headquarters. Dare continued with a number of other artists but somehow it rarely achieved the precision and flair of Frank's guiding hand. To make matters worse, rivals *Lion* (started 1952) and *Tiger* (started 1954) were growing increasingly successful. *Eagle's* circulation, which had steadied at around 800,000 a week was dropping – a sure register of the appeal of Dan's adventures – and reached an eventual low of 125,000. In 1969 the magazine was sold to the International Publishing Corporation, who also took over *Tiger* and *Lion* and by 1970 *Lion* had swallowed *Eagle*.

It was a bitter time for Frank. His ambitions for Dan had always looked beyond a single weekly magazine strip, firstly to break into the lucrative American comic market and eventually to produce an animated film version. Certainly the strip had created an unprecedented degree of attention for a British magazine character; there were Dan Dare watches, ties, jigsaws, rayguns, model kits and pop-up books. Radio Luxembourg produced a special Dan Dare serial which ran for 15 minutes every night from Monday to Friday and stuck close to Frank's original dialogue. A television company expressed interest, though nothing came of it. With the demise of *Eagle*, any chance of personal recognition for Frank seemed doomed. The demands of the strip began to take their toll and a long illness followed.

Then, in 1975, an invitation reached him to attend the annual Festival of Comic Strips and Short Animated Films held at Lucca in Tuscany. Two further surprises awaited him. The first was that, despite Dan Dare's demise in Britain, he was as popular as ever in Europe; old *Eagle* strips were already being reprinted there, mostly in black and white. The second was that the 1975 Lucca Festival jury had decided to introduce a special award for the writer and artist of the best strip cartoon since the end of World War Two. The strip was Dan Dare, the artist Frank Hampson. Other awards followed, the Ally Sloper Award from 'Comics 101', a British convention of artists, collectors, publishers and enthusiasts and a special 'Mekon's Head' Award from the International Publishing Company.

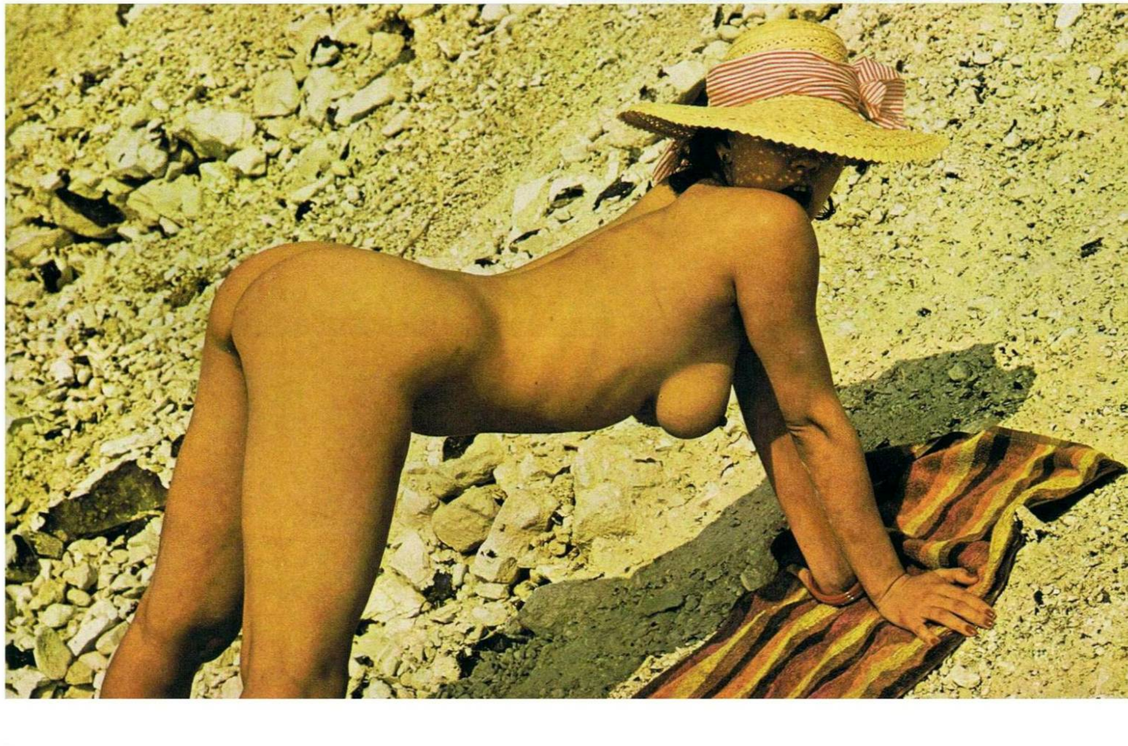
Today Dan is fast approaching a cult status as exalted as any he enjoyed in the fifties, regardless of American and Russian space advances which have revealed a conspicuous absence of Treens, Black Cats or Atlanteans in Earth's immediate vicinity. Clearly the Dare strip reached through to a level of imagination that is likely to ensure its popularity for a long time. 'I wanted to avoid the corny way sci-fi strips have always been done,' says Frank. 'They used to involve reams of words describing the advances of a particular civilization. My hope was to let the kids *see* how everything worked. It's the kind of strip I wanted myself when I was a boy.'



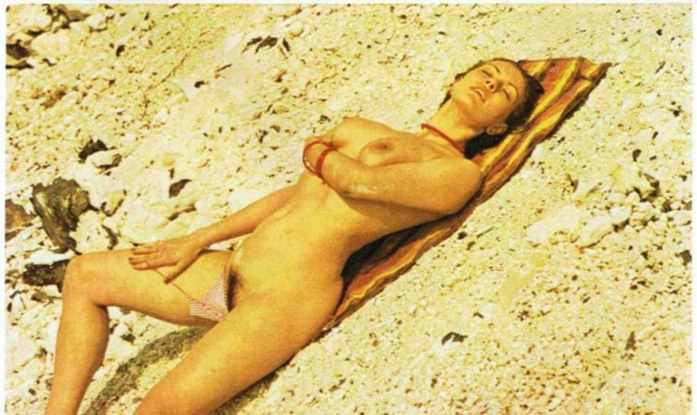
Frank Hampson today with the evil Mekon (below). Photograph courtesy of 'Campaign.'

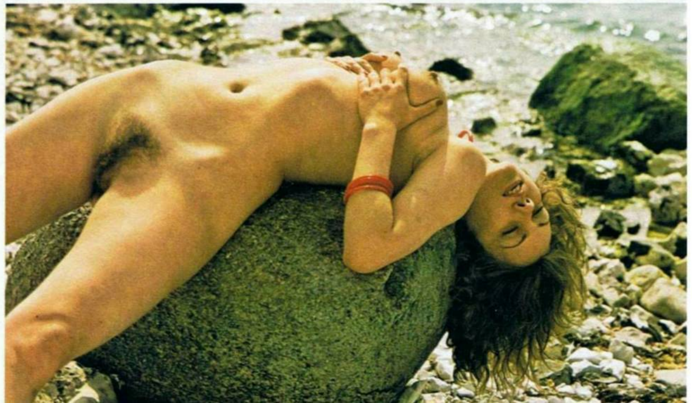
LOUISE

Recently a muscular boyfriend made the mistake of challenging Louise Henshaw to a squash match, clearly anticipating an easy victory. Four games on he trickled off court 'in a dribble of sweat,' grins 23-year-old-Louise. 'I felt so sorry for him I offered to buy my half of the dinner we had together afterwards. That was when I told him I had been playing for three years as the regular guest of a former boyfriend in the Edgbaston squash club which numbers world champion player Jonah Barrington among its proteges.' Currently gracing the reception desk in a Birmingham health clinic, Louise insists that she is no health freak. 'It all started when a boyfriend challenged me to a game of squash, which I'd never played before, and proceeded to make me feel a complete idiot all over the court,' she said. 'I've always been a



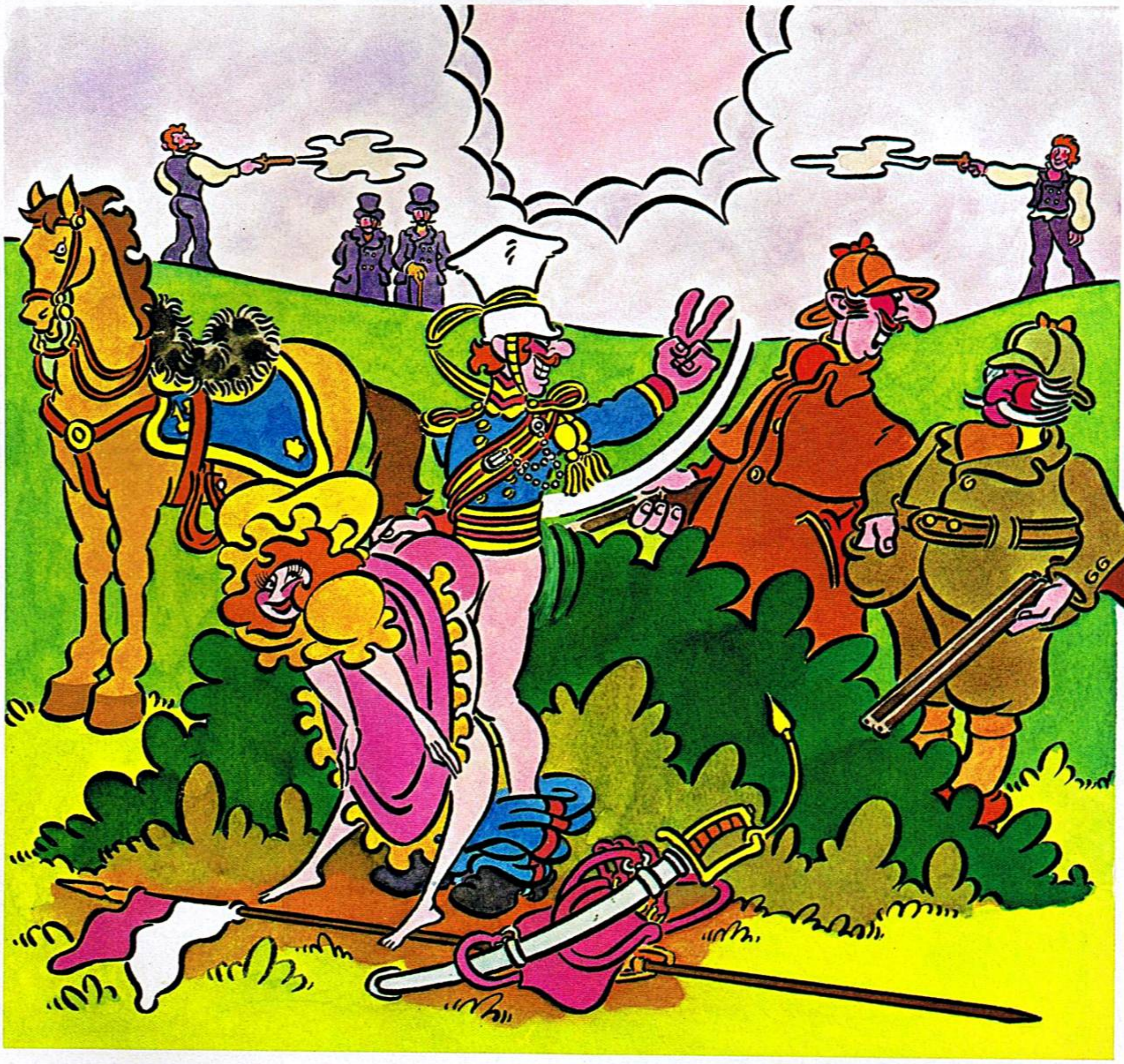
terrible sucker for really ridiculous challenges, so immediately I went out, joined a squash club and bought all the gear and started wearing myself out. Then I decided I was much too unfit and a friend suggested a health club. I've always tended towards podginess and simply dieted, but I found that with the right exercises I could have a much more enjoyable time eating and still be quite trim.' To be precise: 34–24–35 inches. 'In the end,' she says, 'I was spending so much time at the health clinic I thought it would be cheaper to work there. I really enjoy it. It's not only very friendly but you can actually see people look better week by week and feel better too. It's much more involving than anything else I've ever done.' That largely included secretarial work and a brief sojourn in a boutique in London's King's Road. 'It was my first visit to London and my first job there. I was only 19, long before my squash days, and it wore me out standing on my feet nearly all day. And to be honest I really didn't get on too well with the customers. The men were alright;





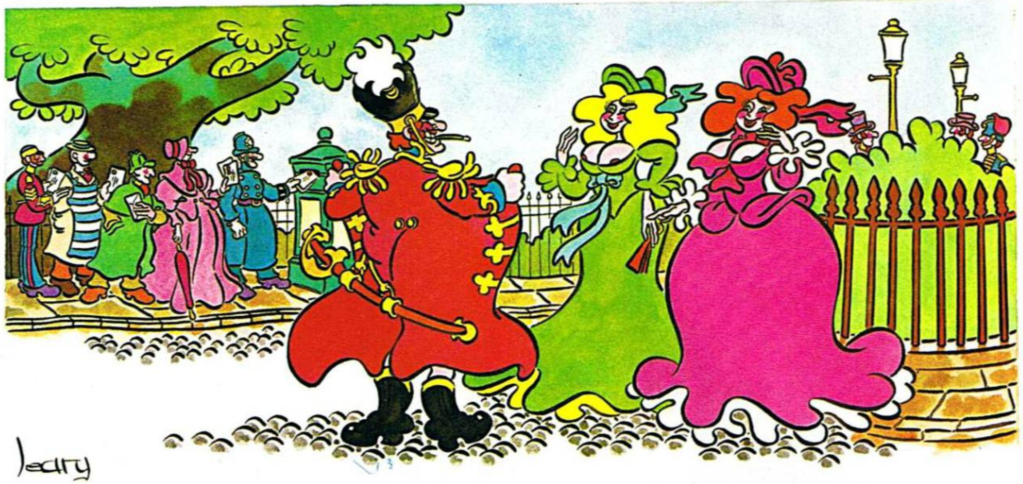
they were nearly always friendly. But the women were awful, always giggling to their friends or treating you almost like a servant.' She grimaces. 'I'm afraid it put me right off London.' Bradford-born Louise was quickly back on the Inter-City to Yorkshire, but stopped off in Birmingham to visit a friend, and two years later is still happy she didn't complete her journey home. 'It's an ideal distance away; close enough to go home for a weekend; far enough away to feel independent. And it is a beautiful city. I always had the impression of Brum as a sort of bright new motorway city, full of factory workers beavering away to make lots of money and not caring about anything else. But that's not true at all. To me it seems much friendlier than London which is so big you can easily get completely lost in it. And historically it's fascinating too. Did you realise Birmingham has more miles of canals in it than Venice? They're all still there underneath the office blocks and skyscrapers and ringways; you can follow them for days.' Then lead on, Louise.

FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE!

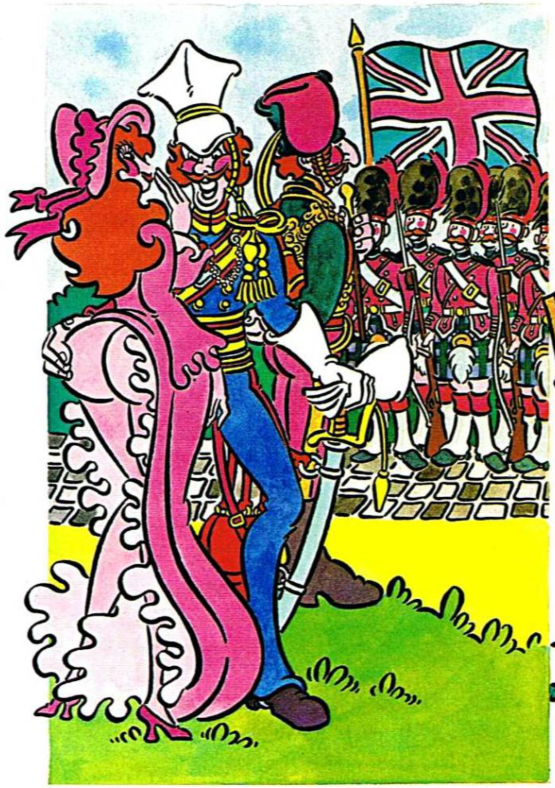


'That's Harry Flashman, VC.'

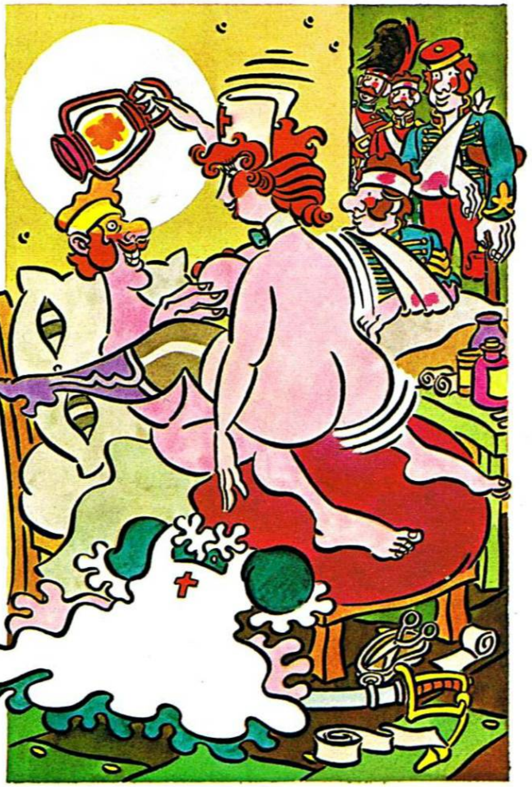
When George MacDonald Fraser's craven Victorian hero revealed the truth about his roguish life there were aspects even he left out. Cartoonist Colin Leary fills the gaps



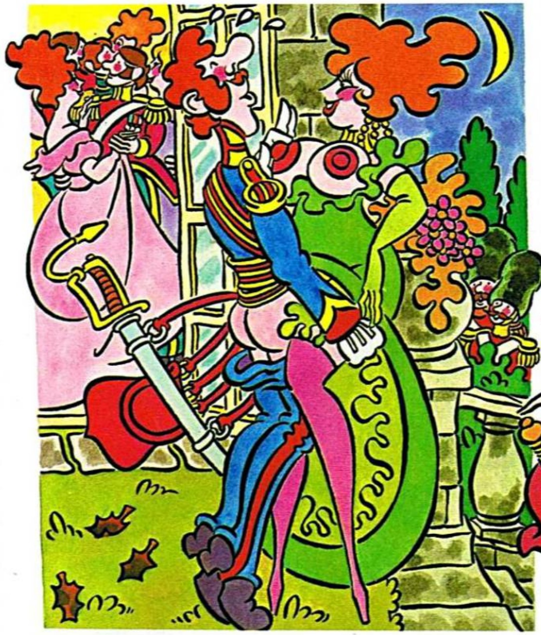
'It must be Flashman!'



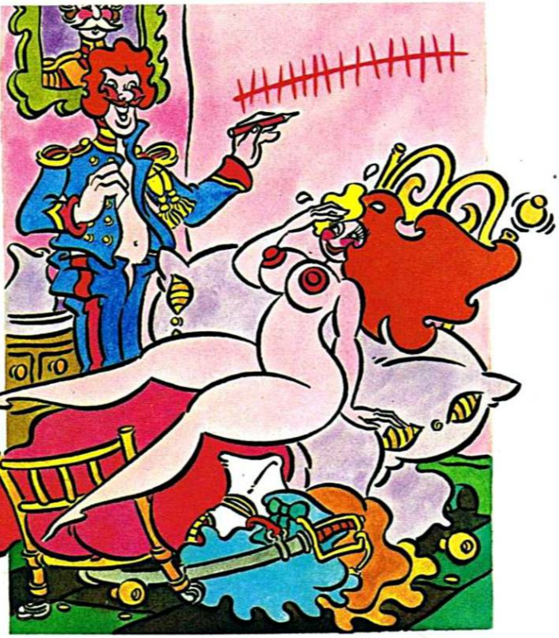
'No, m'dear, he can't pronounce his "r's".
What he said was, "They're all rankers".'



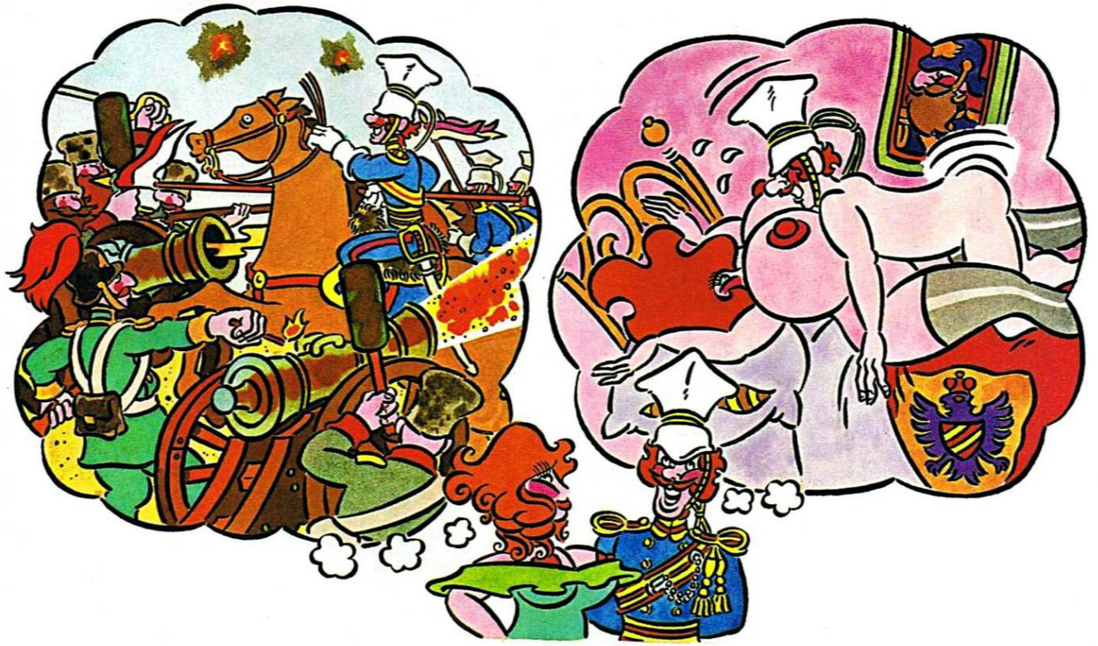
'Well, actually, I've always been afraid of the dark.'



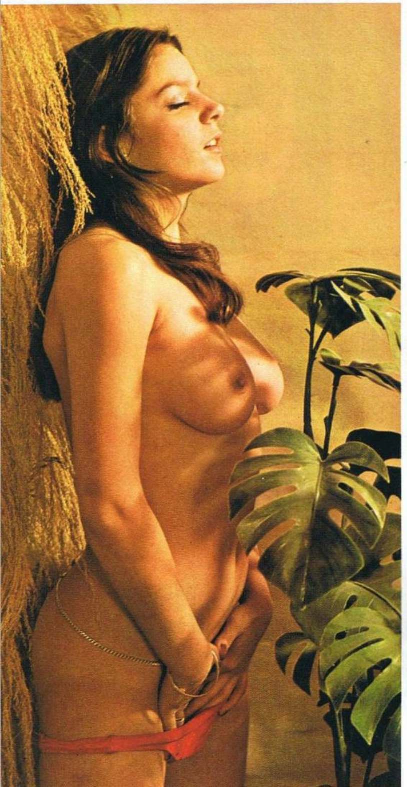
'And I thought it was only your sabre rattling!'



'We're not called the 16th Lancers for nothing.'

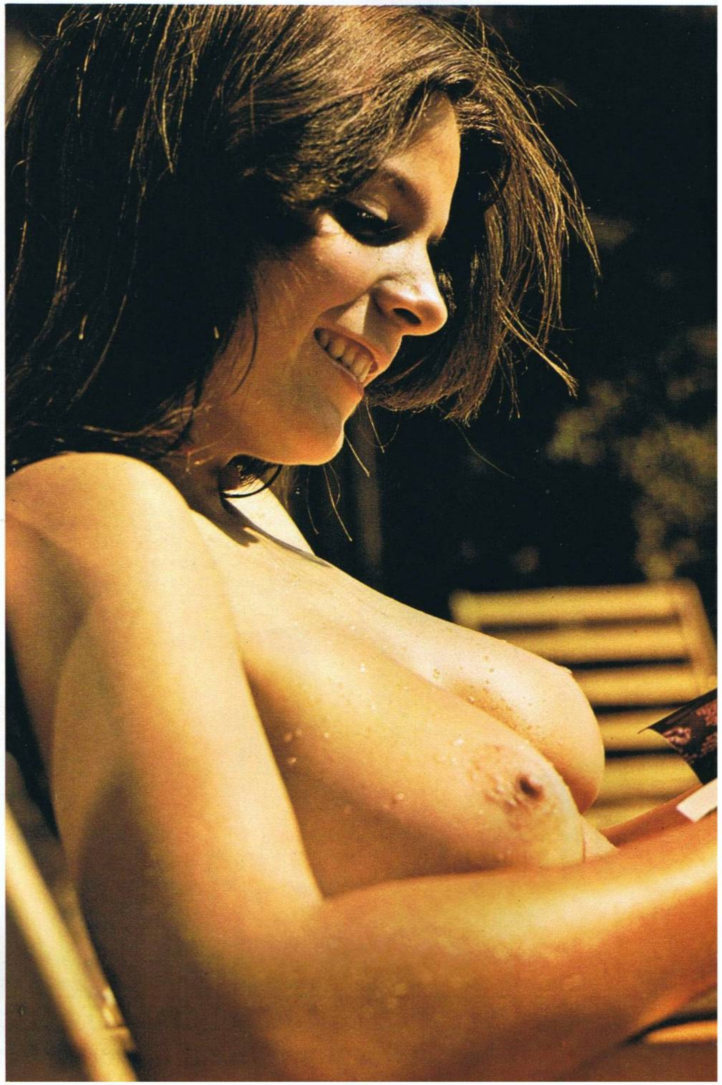


'There I was at full gallop, with a couple of six
pounders staring me in the face.'



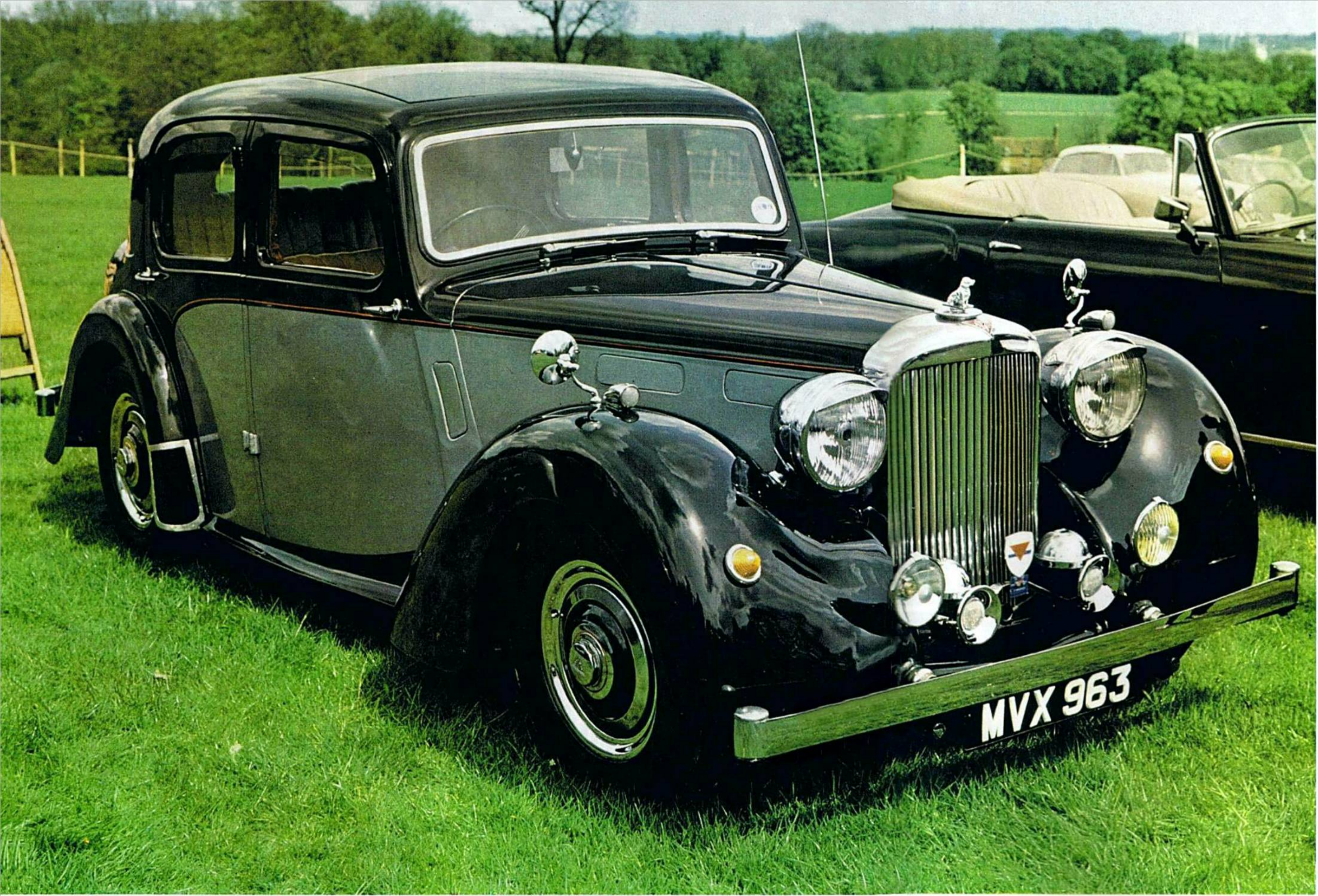
Carina

A tomboy shaped 36–23–35 is hard to take in any number system but 20-year-old Carina Miles insists that such is the truth. 'I've never wanted actually to be a boy,' insists 5 feet 3 inch Carina, 'but I've never accepted that being a girl stops me doing anything I happen to choose.' Like riding bareback – 'I had my own pony when I was 12; we used to play cowboys and indians; I



was always an indian' – quaffing generous quantities of beer in her local hostelry – 'It's usually lager in fact and it's also a pub I can go into on my own without being bothered' – and soon to be helping to run a newly planned bistro – 'I'm a fantastic cook and I enjoy it; when they expand I hope to be running the place.' All activities that chime ideally with Carina's native town – the mannered Regency showpiece that is Bath. 'The restaurant is an idea I've had ever since I went on a cordon bleu course in Bristol; there are about five of us though I can't afford to put in any money yet. We want to start with a very economical place in Cheap Street in the centre, we'd like to end up with somewhere as friendly and as

good as *The Hole in the Wall* in George Street, which is one of the town's most popular restaurants. But with Bath University and all the training colleges around all with students wanting cheap good meals I don't think we can fail.' Business-like ambition shines in Carina's eyes, but only for a minute. Instantly she's giggling and schoolgirlish. 'I'm accused of changing my mood a dozen times a minute,' she confesses, 'but I never see it like that. I'm a very typical Gemini – It's only boyfriends who complain. I'm not supposed to be trustworthy.' What exactly does that mean? 'I've never been serious with more than one man at a time, but I do go out with others if they're interesting.' A grin. 'That's not naughty, is it?'



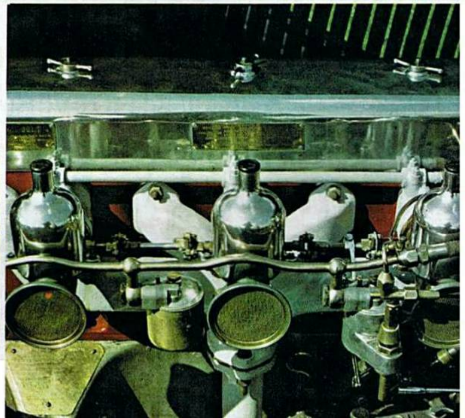
Regal in concept and style
Alvis pioneered front wheel
drive with sporting esprit

ALVIS THE KING

Motoring with William Boddy
Photography by Andrew Morland

My first Alvis was a 1928 12/50, bought from a garage off the Kingston by-pass Spur during the war, for something in the region of a 'tenner'. It had an old sack serving as a hood for its Doctor's Coupé body. This filled with water in rain storms and let a basinful onto the occupant's lap as the clutch engaged. It served me well without any major attention; I used her during my courting days which, as petrol was rationed, meant furtive rides out and hiding the thing from public gaze if one took a walk. If one was actually stopped: 'It's on its basic ration, officer'. When that concession ceased one took more care over routes!

I also had a series of sporting 12/50s,



Main picture: 1948 Alvis TA 14 saloon. Made between 1945 and 1951, this model's 1892 cc engine gave it a top speed of 80 mph. Opposite page, far left: a 1927 12/50 sports, one of Alvis' most famous and longlasting models. Middle: engine of a 1936 Sp 20 SD drop-head coupé. Immediate left: a 1954 TC 21 drop-head coupé. Its 100 bhp engine could take it over 100 mph. Above: a 1928 FWD two-seater sports. Remarkable for its time in being front wheel drive and independently sprung, it entered the annals of racing fame by coming second in a memorable 1928 Ards TT, greatly enhancing the Alvis reputation.

that it just wouldn't steer – a bent chassis, perhaps? So I offered it for sale. This brought to my then Yorkshire lodgings a very smart turnout indeed. Army girl, driving a vast Army Humber staff car, with a middle-aged major ensconced in its parlour. He looked the Alvis over. I told him of the snags. 'Not to worry, I intend to rebuild it completely', he said. A price (so modest by 1977 standards!) was agreed. As much as £30 perhaps. The major departed, saying he would send a soldier-driver to drive the Alvis away – a long way, to Scotland I seem to recall.

Now this 14/75 had another shortcoming. It was a brute to start. So on the appointed day I got it tow-commenced and instructed my local garage man to keep running it up to ensure it was warm while I set off to Harrogate Station to collect the delivery driver. He was late, of course. Then he was all up-tight because he hadn't a driving licence. 'I think Sir thinks I've got one, so I better 'ad'. Thus we hied to the Post Office and, as he was illiterate, I did the form filling in and bought him a licence. By this time the garage man had given us up and the Alvis was cold. I hitched my underpowered 1934 Austin Seven to it and said to the soldier that I would give him a tow-start. He snapped the rope so often that I began to realise he had never driven a private car in his life, let alone a temperamental 1928 sporting carriage. Finally, the engine broke into its quiet whisper and, at great risk, I went between it and the Austin to grapple with the knots in the tow rope. Immediately, the engine died! We did get him going eventually and, elated by the £5 profit the deal represented, I took pity on this soldier-boy so far from base and told him I would lead him to the road out of the town. 'Turn right at the roundabout and follow the Austin', I instructed. Of course, you've guessed! He went straight on. I drove home as quickly as a ten-year-old Austin Seven would go and my wife and I went off to a cinema. But so far as I know he never returned. Indeed, I have never heard of any of my war-time Alvises since, although I believe the Duck's Back supersports may reside these days in a Scottish museum. I hope the others are active still, somewhere in the 12/50 Alvis Register or with the Alvis Owner Club.

That is enough of personal Alvivacity – although there are many more happy memories of them. But ownership of even these decidedly secondhand examples, all some ten to 20 years beyond their first flush of showroom youth, was entirely sufficient to show me what splendidly designed and engineered cars they were and to render me an Alvis enthusiast, if not exactly a fanatic, for the rest of my life.

I suppose of all the many Alvis models the greatest, in vintage terms anyway, is the 12/50. It came in long-stroke and shorter-stroke forms, with the Big-Port cylinder head for extra performance. But in all versions it was of around 1½-litres capacity and it went remarkably well, especially as it dispensed with such trouble-prone items as a water pump or fan and used a simple push rod overhead-valve engine, beautifully made. There might be one updraft Solex or a couple of horizontal SU carburetters, depending on your luck, and these cars possessed a man's 'cog-chest', with right-hand-gated gear lever, controlling gears that were really too widely spaced. It was a nice conventional vintage car, sprung on half-elliptic springs (enclosed within leather gaiters like a Bishop's legs, if your luck was still holding), with moderately effective, cable-operated four-wheel brakes. In the early models the petrol, then costing under four shillings (20p) per gallon, was carried in a scuttle tank, with gravity feed to the 'gas works'. Bodywork could be two-seater, four-seater, saloon or coupé. With those Duck's-Back (spare wheel cocked-up under the tail) or later Beetle-Back (spare wheel probably on the running-board, which proper cars still had and on which you sat for picnics, or to dry off after bathing) sports bodies, as a heady bonus.

The 12/50 was such a good motor car that it started in the 1923 200 Mile Race at dear old Brooklands track near Weybridge in Surrey, along with the latest crack twin-cam Fiats from Italy, with Campbell and Salamano as their drivers. Two hundred miles was a long way in those days, for 1½-litre motors. The two Fiats ignominiously retired and the Alvis won, having averaged 93.29 mph, driven by C M Harvey, who was handsomely quicker than the Bugatti and the AC that filled the second and third places. That victory put Alvis of Coventry nicely on the map. They went on to score many more sporting successes, with special racing cars and their normal sporting models.

As what we now call the vintage years of motoring passed, Alvis Limited continued to make excellent machinery. They had flirted with advanced front-wheel-drive confections, in both four- and eight-cylinder forms, getting an FWD 'four' home second at the crowd-packed first Ulster TT race of 1928 and taking many records with others. Then there came other good six-cylinder Alvises of conventional type, following on the heels of the 14/75. The Silver Eagle was a notable addition to the range. (The 12/50 had been so good that, having abandoned it for a twin-carburetter 12/60, Alvis had to reintroduce the earlier model for a time.) The sixes then blossomed out as Silver Crest, Crested Eagle and the celebrated Speed-20, the last named with a beam front axle but soon attaining independent springing of the front wheels.

'You callin' me a liar?'

I know the firm's policy was to use bird names for its different models. Or insect idioms, for there were the Firebird and Firefly 'fours'. But I wonder if there was a hint of mickey-taking at Rolls-Royce's expense, in this? For you have to weigh the R-R Silver Dawn, Silver Cloud and former Silver Ghost model names against Alvis Silver Crest, Crested Eagle and later Grey Lady – especially remembering the famed R-R Silver Lady radiator mascot. Ask Alvis, and they will deny it.

Names apart, Alvis continued to make great motor cars, in the best meaning of the term, right into the 1960s. During the dark war years there were the family of Alvis radial aero motors, the Leonides and others, which had appeared prior to the outbreak of Hitlerism, and which materially helped the Allied Victory. The 18-cylinder Alcides poked out over 1,500 hp and Alvis engines powered so many helicopters, those of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force included.

The six-cylinder car engines, with their multiple valve springs to the push-rod-and-rocker poppet prodding, culminated in the 4.3-litre pre-war model, a car able to perform in company with other illustrious and very fast cars such as the 4½-litre Lagonda and the Rolls-Royce-built 4¼-litre Bentley.

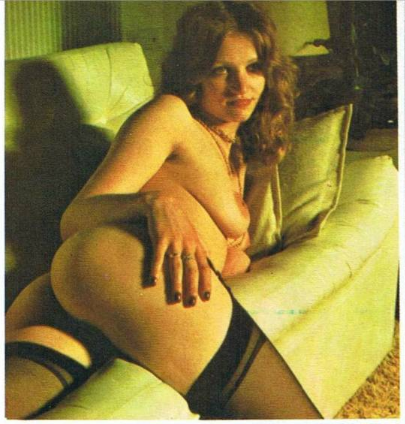
After the end of the war the Alvis engineers brought out the three-litre. They had done much excellent work on all-synchromesh gearboxes, i f s, and similar developments, which kept this ambitious company in the forefront of automotive progress. The three-litre used a new 2,992 cc almost square bore and stroke six-cylinder power unit, with a seven-bearing fully balanced crankshaft. This three-litre was further developed into a variety of models, and Donald Healey put some 20 of these engines into his then-current sports cars. Very interesting specialised coachwork was fitted, Mulliner of Birmingham followed by Graber of Switzerland, etc. In 1953 the London Motor Show saw the advent of the Alvis Grey Lady. This was the three-litre with an eight-to-one compression-ratio, high back axle ratio, revised exhaust system, and styling alterations to the compact saloon body. Sadly, when Alvis as a car-maker expired, the very attractive 112 mph, five-speed, Dunlop disc-braked, Series III TD 21 was making headway. This was a notable motor car and even today a decent five-speed gearbox is unusual, although the excellent new Rover 3500 V8 has one. The Alvis box was, naturally, all-synchromesh.

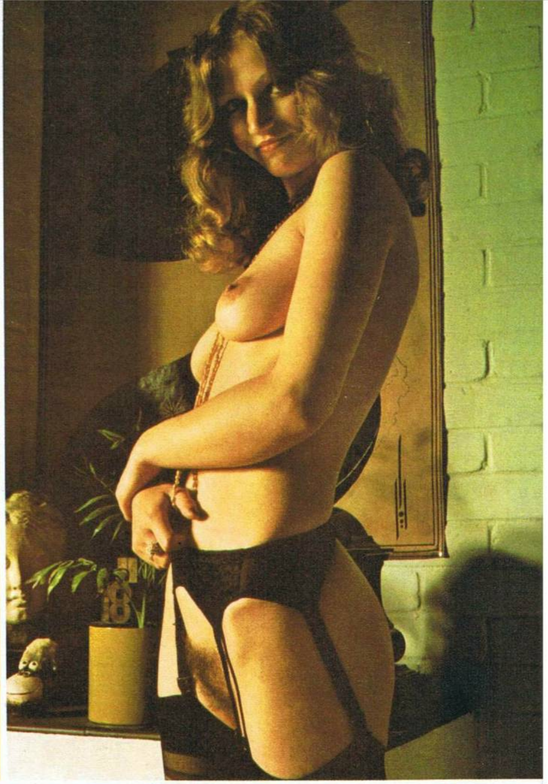
The Alvis name lives on, among motoring enthusiasts and with the formidable Alvis military off-road vehicles such as the Saracen, Saladin, Salamander, Stalwart and the like. If you fancy an exclusive motor car to off-set the modern transport rat race, something between £800 and £2,000, depending on how far the demon rust has penetrated, should cover a post-war or just pre-war Alvis, and good spares services exist. In its day, and even now, there are few better cars.

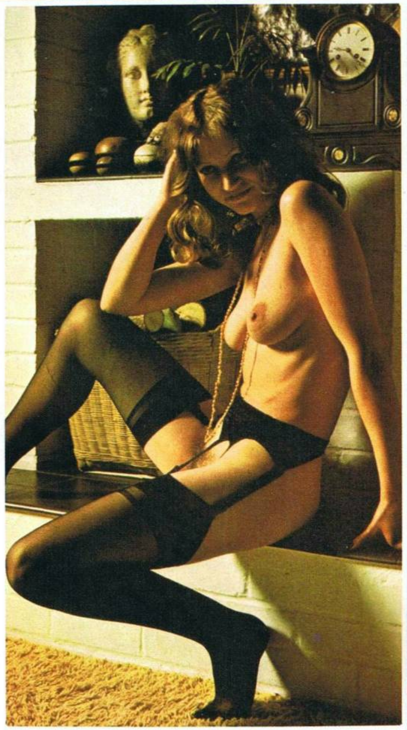
Mandy

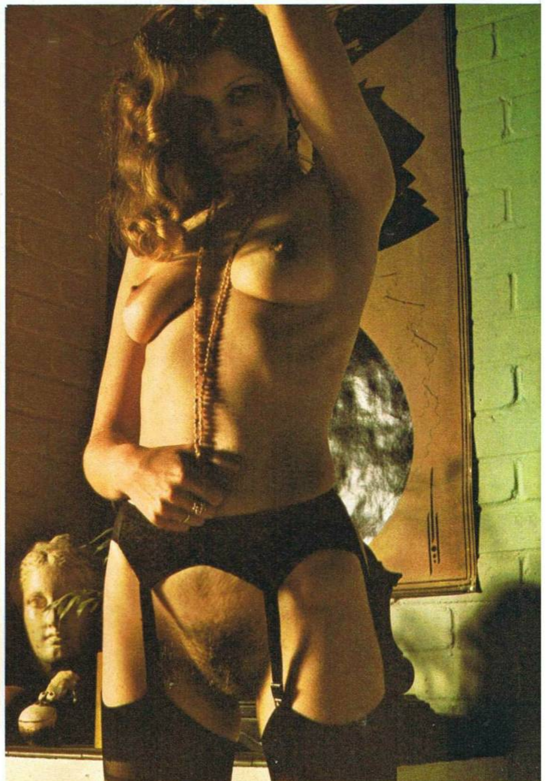
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RON MIDDLETON

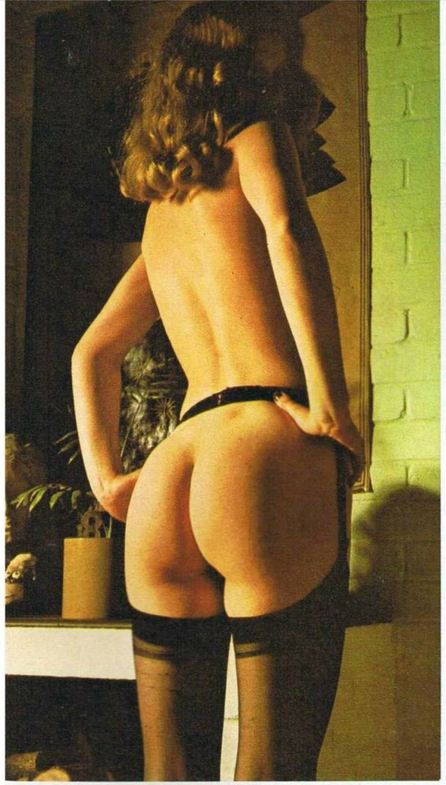
Although Hampstead Heath is deservedly a much-loved London beauty spot, even its most ardent admirers might be hard-pressed to make out a case for its appeal in the grey light of an autumn dawn. The famous *Spaniards* pub would be closed and shuttered and an appeal for a pint at the similarly-renowned *Old Bull and Bush* would go unheard. True, you might come across the odd squirrel or vole doing whatever it is these friendly furry creatures do, and perhaps your path might cross that of an all-night reveller sneaking home for a restorative cup of black coffee. There is, however, someone infinitely more interesting whom you might chance to meet, namely 22-year-old Mandy Stokes keeping her 34–22–35 in the best of trim with an early-morning run. Mandy is a self-confessed keep-fit fanatic, for in addition to running on the





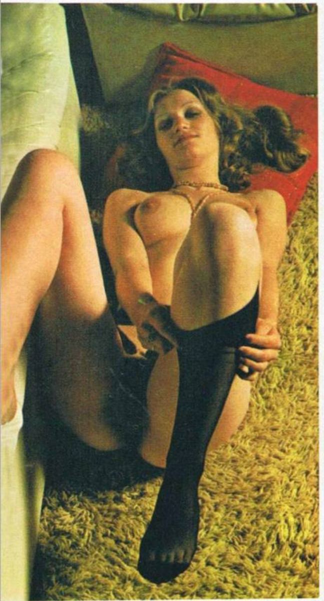






Heath, she also swims regularly. 'I suppose it must be some sort of compensation for the fact that I both smoke and drink,' she grins. That's not all either, as, rather unusually for a girl, Mandy often goes fishing on the River Lea. 'That's pure relaxation,' she states firmly, 'fishing's great for just getting away from things. I go by myself you see, so I don't get interrupted or bothered at all.' Mandy was born, you'll be amazed to learn, in the Wash. 'No,' she laughs in answer to raised eyebrows, 'not the Wash in East Anglia. There is an area of Cheshunt in Herts which coincidently has the same name, and that's the Wash I come from. Mark you, it can get a bit confusing at times. 'Mandy laughs.' Perhaps it would have been appropriately wet if I'd been a Pisces, but in fact I'm a Leo and a very typical one too, as far as I can gather.' She grins. 'Leos are rulers of men – or so they tell me.' Mandy currently works as

a commodity exchange clerk at the Corn Exchange in the City. 'It's a really great job,' she enthuses. 'I'm one of those people that has to change the prices that are listed on the board whenever there's a rise or fall. It's very interesting and,' she smiles, 'as there are only a dozen or so girls in the place, life's never dull! Before I came here, I was a shop manageress at the Royal Free Hospital in Hampstead—that was amazingly hectic though. As for modelling, well, I just wanted to see if I could do it, more than anything. And to save you asking, yes, the stockings and suspenders are mine. I thoroughly dislike tights and usually wear stockings instead.' And if that knowledge doesn't make the market rise, nothing will!



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

On a deserted stretch of beach in the south of France a gorgeous French girl threw off her clothes and plunged into the sea. A young man in the distance noticed her suicide attempt and dashed into the water to save her.

Unfortunately, he was too late. He brought the nude body ashore and left it on the sand while he went for help. When he returned he was horrified to discover a man making love to the corpse.

'Monsieur,' he said, 'that lady is dead.'

'Sacre bleu,' exclaimed the man, jumping up, 'I thought she was American.'

A middle-aged couple, both 56, both maths teachers, decided their marriage had lost its sparkle and agreed to spend the summer holiday separately; one in Majorca, and one in Italy. After a few days the wife received a postcard from her husband saying: 'Having a wonderful time, great hotel, great weather, excellent food. Found a young 19-year-old dolly bird who is providing my every need.' Shortly afterwards, the wife sent a postcard to her husband saying: 'Lovely hotel, marvellous swimming etc. Have found a handsome 19-year-old Spanish waiter—he is super.

PS: I bet 19 goes into 56 more than 56 goes into 19.'

George was a young Devon lad up for the Smithfield Show and while in London decided to sample Soho.

On his first night in town George managed to find a lady of the night and accompanied her to her room where he started to undress. Having removed his shirt the young lady commented on the size of his arms.

'Ah, they grows us big down in Dev'n,' said George, as he removed his trousers. At this the young woman remarked upon the size of his legs.

'Ah,' said George, 'they grows us big down in Dev'n.' Finally, he removes his underpants.

'Crumbs!' says the girl, 'what a size!'

'Ah,' says George. 'They grows us big down in Dev'n.' They move into a mutual grope and his hand explores between her legs. 'Tell me, moi love,' he asks conversationally, 'what part Dev'n do you come from, then?'

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A father was talking to his young son when a honeybee flew in through the window. The little boy killed it with one solid blow from his rolled-up comic. The father admonished his son, saying that, 'Bees give us honey and, as a punishment for what you've just done, I won't give you any honey for six months.'

Just then the boy's mother walked into the room and noticed a cockroach walking across the floor, and promptly stamped on it and squashed it.

The little boy looked at his father and slyly said 'Will you tell her, dad, or shall I?'

An Irishman was travelling home on his motorbike when the weather turned somewhat chilly. Being a bright lad he pulled over to the side of the road, removed his jacket and put it on back to front. 'This way,' he thought to himself, 'I won't get a cold in moi chest.' A little further down the road he skids on an oily patch and comes tumbling off his bike. As he is laid out unconscious horrified onlookers call for an ambulance. Meanwhile someone notified his mother, who arrives at the crash scene five minutes after the ambulance.

'Will he be all right?' she asks.

'He might be love,' replies the ambulance man, 'now that we've got his head the right way round.'

Have you heard about the nurse who can make a patient without disturbing the bed?

After her wedding night the distressed bride phoned her mother to report the previous night's doings.

'Everything was fine, mother,' she explained. 'We were in bed making love when there was a knock on the door and John just got up and answered it.'

'You mean he just left you lying there?' asked the indignant mother.

'No, mother,' explained the bride, sobbing, 'that wouldn't have been so bad but he took me with him!'

The gorgeous young girl walked into the consulting room of a top psychiatrist. She had no sooner closed the door when the doctor leaped upon her, ripped off her clothes and made passionate love to her. After 30 minutes he paused and said: 'Well, that takes care of my problem, what's yours?'

'Remember,' cried the fairy godmother as Cinderella left for the ball, 'you must be home before midnight, otherwise your little pussy will turn into a pumpkin.'

Cinderella nodded that she understood and skipped merrily to the palace. Midnight came and went and there was no sign of Cinderella.

When she eventually crept in at four in the morning her fairy godmother asked her what Prince Charming's reaction had been when her pussy had turned into a pumpkin.

'Oh I didn't go out with Prince Charming,' smiled Cinderella coyly, 'I went with Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater.'

The dong of a docker in Fife
Was the longest I'd seen in my life.
He stood in the garden
With a masterful hard-on
And propped up the clothes for his wife.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

JULIE

Thirty-six–23–36 inch Julie Burne looks far too substantial to believe in ghosts – but she insists she does, they exist and she's seen one. 'It was when I was 15,' explains this 20-year-old native of Norwich, 'and I was staying in a Victorian hotel on the coast near Cromer. I was on my own in an attic room and I remember waking up in the middle of a very bright moonlit night. A tall woman in a Victorian dress with a bustle was standing just inside the attic window. When I saw her she turned round and smiled and vanished. It wasn't in the least bit frightening. She looked quite happy.' Nothing quite so spectacular has happened since, though Julie's convinced she has been aware of ghostly presences. 'It's nothing definite; just a feeling that something

happened in that particular place.' Feelings she's had plenty of opportunity to test out in countrywide travels as a demonstrator for domestic kitchenware. 'I don't think I'm genuinely psychic, but I am very aware of people. I always know when I'm going to make a sale, for example; or' – a softening smile – 'when a man fancies me.' What does she do about that? 'It depends on the man. I like them to be lively and talkative. But I have to be organised!'

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

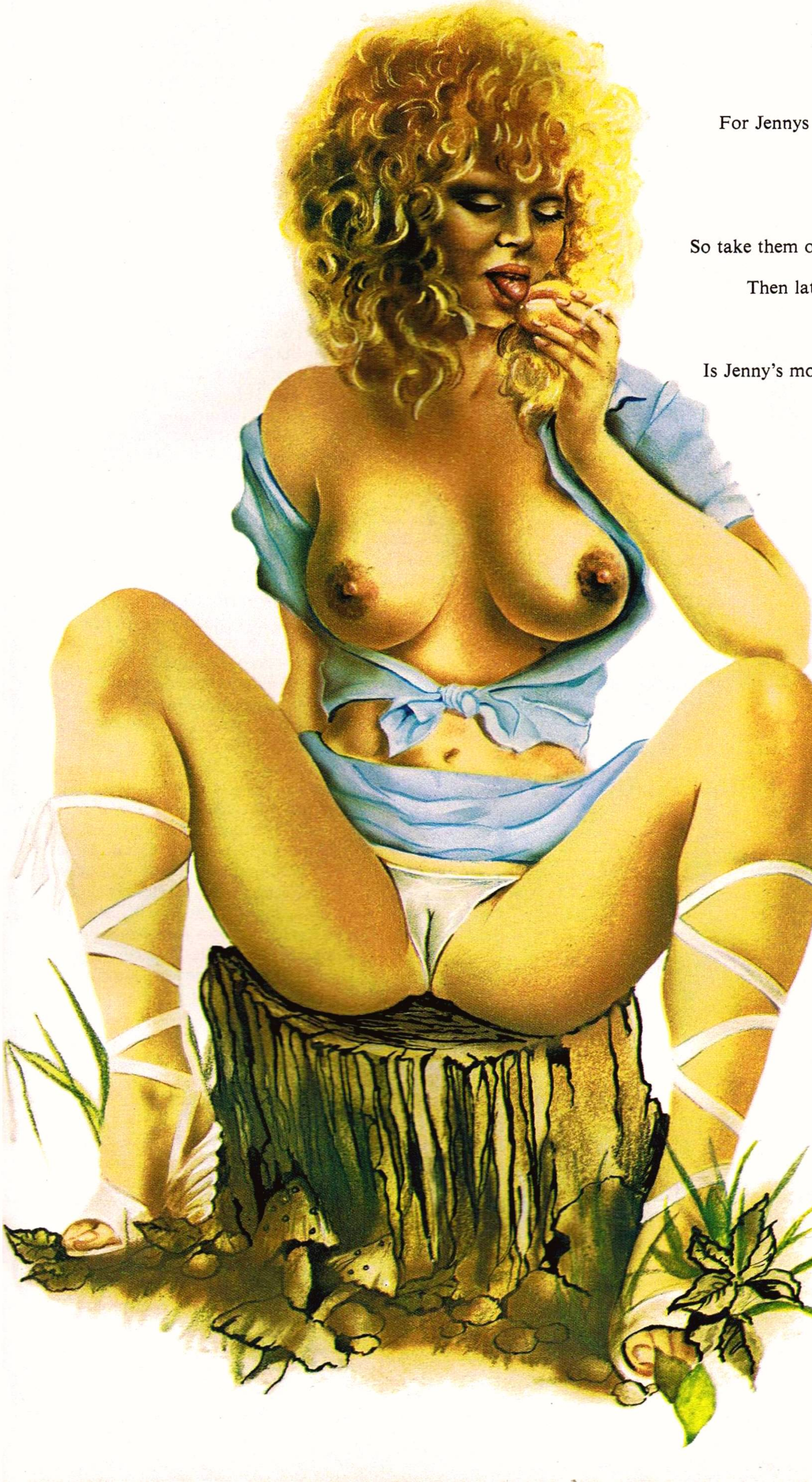
Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

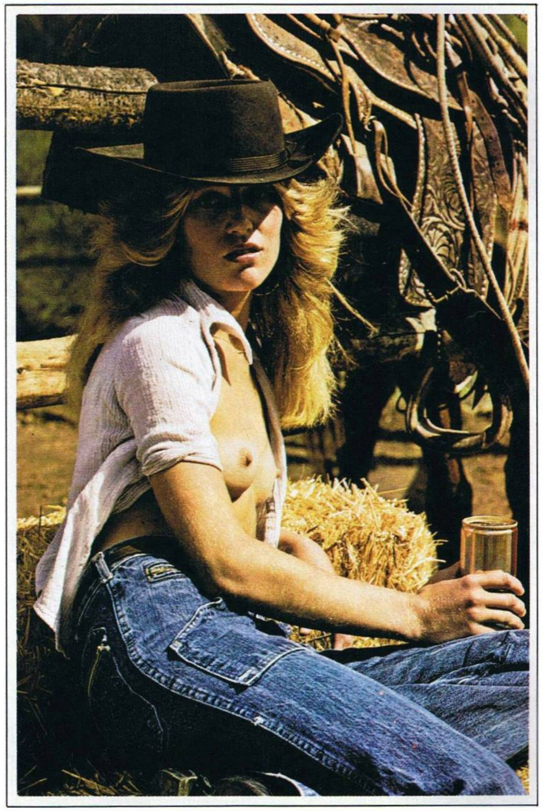
No. 10

If you go down to the woods today,
You're in for a big surprise.
You won't find any teddy bears,
But what you'll see is Jenny bare,
For Jennys are girls who like wide-open spaces.

If you go into a discotheque,
Or into a smoky bar,
You won't find any Jennys there
As Jennys are girls for the open air,
So take them out for a picnic lunch in the country.

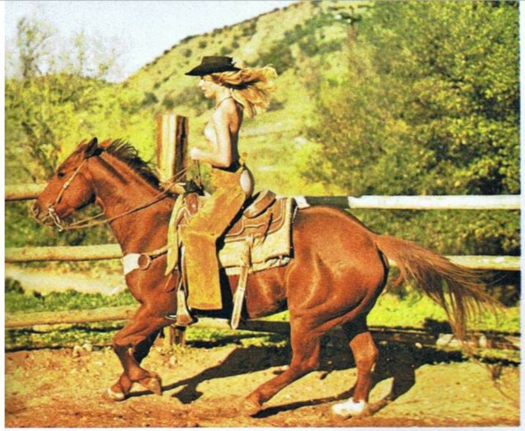
Then late at night when the stars are bright,
Jennys will shed their gowns.
For loving in a woodland glade
In the moonlight's silver shade
Is Jenny's most favoured way to get her pleasure.

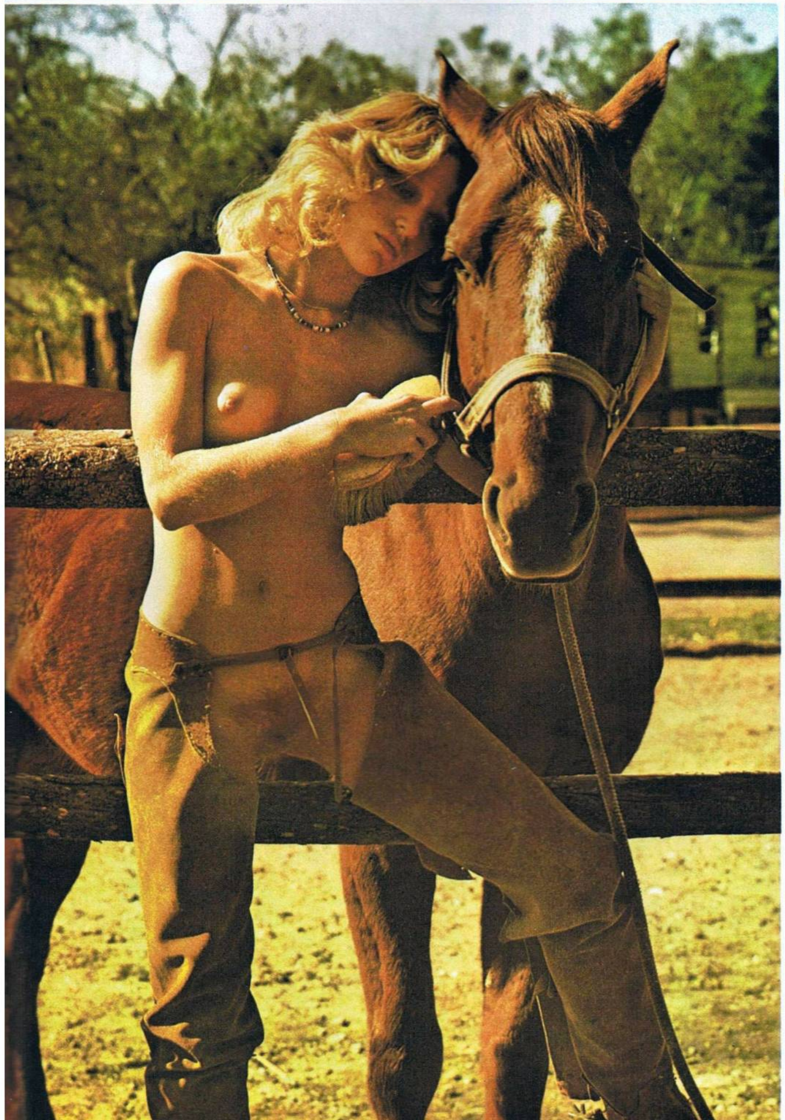




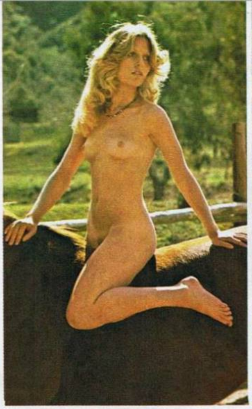
GAUCHO MARX

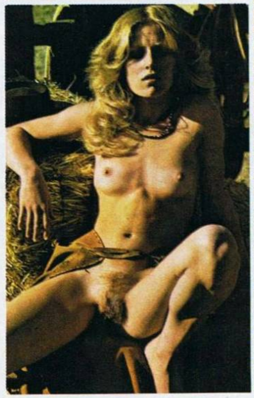
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

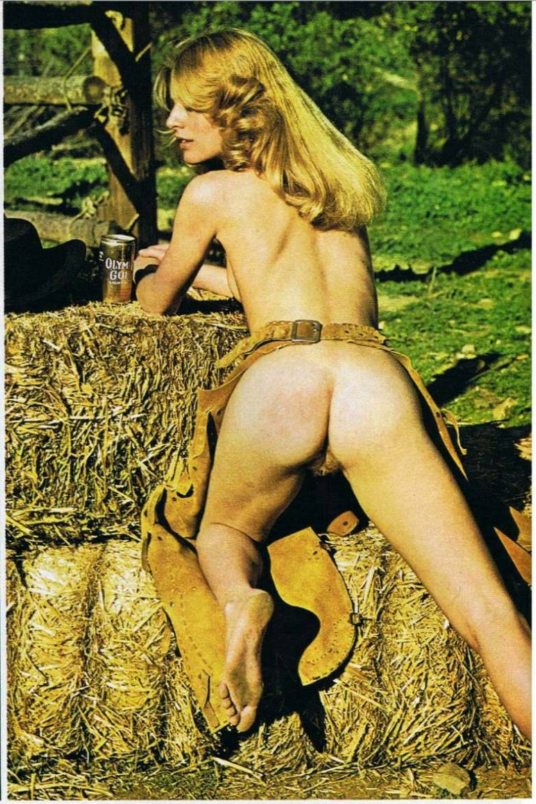




One of the more pleasant perks that goes with being a *Mayfair* photographer is the opportunity of travelling to exotic locations all over the world. From time to time, one of our intrepid lensmen will return from abroad clutching a set of transparencies which, despite our self-confessed predilection for patriotic British girls, we just have to use in the magazine. One such girl who took our instant fancy is 22-year-old Jill Marx whom Siwer Ohlsson had the enviable good fortune to run into whilst on a shoot in the USA. Jill, a trim 35–22–35 hails from Macon, Georgia, though she now lives and works in nearby Columbus, sharing an apartment with a couple of other girls near the Fort Benning army camp. 'Although,' remarks Jill in a voice as southern as corn pone and hominy grits, 'my family originally hail from Germany – hence my surname. I'm a third generation American though. A real cowboy – that's why I just love working with horses.' Somehow, after seeing Jill's version of bareback riding, John Wayne movies will never again have quite the same appeal for us.







QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Nine

For many, sex is more exciting when risk is involved – the chance of being discovered in the sex act being a prime example. The thought of indulging in actual intercourse while those in the closest proximity remain unaware of the fact can for some be the height of sexual fulfilment. It is this 'surreptitious sex', that Quest examines this month

INTRODUCTION

Although the majority of sexual encounters are conducted without secrecy, many enjoy the added spice that a touch of secrecy can bring to a relationship. This can take the form of the classic 'lover-mistress syndrome', or, as in the case of this month's interviewees, where sex has taken place under circumstances in which the risk of discovery was very great. In the first interview this month, the subject recounts an incident which, while stopping short of full intercourse, nevertheless took place in the crowded confines of a cinema, while our male interviewee this month, on a visit to married friends, indulged in intercourse with the wife while the husband was in an adjoining room. Finally, the hidden erotic feelings of a girl for a married man are allowed to surface during a shared holiday.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Dental nurse, 26 years old, brunette, town of origin Hemel Hempstead**

This interviewee had entered dental nursing straight from school. At the time of the interview she was working in London and shared a flat with her boyfriend.

Quest: Surreptitious sex is a not-too-common occurrence, wouldn't you say?

Dental nurse: I suppose so, in the sense that we're talking about.

Quest: Would you say that it suited a particular type of girl?

Dental nurse: What do you mean?

Quest: That you have to be promiscuous to indulge in sneaky sex. Not every girl can lay claim to having intercourse with a man while her boyfriend sits, completely in the dark, only a few feet away.

Dental nurse: No, I suppose not, but then again I'm not every other girl – I'm me, and what I do is my business. But that's not to say that I agree with you when you say I'm promiscuous. I don't go jumping into bed with every man I happen to meet.

Quest: But I must come back to this point – you must agree that surreptitious sex is a variant from the norm?

Dental nurse: I think you're trying to build more into it than actually was there. And it wasn't actual intercourse, anyway.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Dental nurse: In all detail?

Quest: Yes.

Dental nurse: Where shall I begin?

Quest: At the time, you told me earlier, you were going out with Patrick. Was this time with Andy the first time you had had clandestine sex?

Dental nurse: When there've been two willing partners.

Quest: Please explain.

Dental nurse: Well, once I remember – this is really terrible, are you sure you want to hear it? It's a bit yucky.

Quest: Go on, please.

Dental nurse: Pat and I had been living together for about a month. We'd met at a party and had started going out. Three weeks later and I'd moved in with him.

Quest: Whose idea was it?

Dental nurse: Mutual I believe. He had a two-bedroomed flat in Ealing and was having a bit of trouble paying the rent and as it so happened – sounds so corny doesn't it, straight out of one of your letters? – I wasn't getting on too well with the girls I shared with, so we came to the arrangement that we'd share.

Quest: And share the bed?

Dental nurse: We'd already been intimate.

Quest: Had sex, you mean.

Dental nurse: All right then, had sex, there appeared nothing wrong with it. I remember that one night, after we'd been off sex for a while – it might have been during my thingy – I was woken in the middle of the night. He was fidgety and I pulled the quilt cover off and there he was in all his glory – he had an erection and I suppose it is like men get if they haven't had sex – you know . . . wet dreams.

Quest: So what did you do?

Dental nurse: It was so lovely and I knew that he was going to come and all of a sudden I felt terribly fruity and so I went down on it and took him in my mouth. I couldn't have sex, proper, but I wanted to feel him and . . . it was just like I said, I felt terribly naughty and wanted to do things to him.

Quest: Did he come?

Dental nurse: Oh it was like a volcano erupting. Afterwards I pulled the quilt back up and went back off to sleep. The funny thing about it afterwards was that when I told him in the morning that he'd had a dream, he told me that he had been dreaming that he was in a massage parlour and was getting a blow-job from one of the masseuses.

Quest: Hmmm. What happened then the night that you and Andy had sex under Patrick's nose, so to speak.

Dental nurse: You really make me laugh. Under Patrick's nose. It wasn't like that.

Quest: Then tell me.

Dental nurse: There were politics behind it. It wasn't just like that. Pat and I were on the verge of breaking up, it's not important to go into the reasons now.

Quest: How long had you lived together?

Dental nurse: Oh, it must have been close to a year. Everything was hunky dory for the first six months. We each had our own lives to lead during the day but at night we were too busy exploring our bodies, we were thoroughly engrossed in sex. And for that first six months it was good. But then we started to argue, and the arguments got worse and worse. And they were always over the same thing . . . money. I suppose that most arguments between couples are over money.

Quest: But the crunch between you and Pat actually came at a time which led you to a sex situation with Andy in the presence of Pat?

Dental nurse: You make it sound so awful and it wasn't really.

Quest: Go on.

Dental nurse: As I said we used to argue a lot and I finally got round to thinking that I was being stifled. Patrick was very jealous too. He never liked Andy.

Quest: Andy was someone you'd met towards the end of your relationship with Pat, but perhaps I've got the wrong end of the stick?

Dental nurse: I'll say. Andy was the boyfriend of one of my girlfriends – my best girlfriend, and that's how we got to be good friends. We used to have them round for dinner occasionally and went out to the pub as they lived quite close-by. Andy was very sweet, quite good looking, but I was never really all that interested in him – not sexually. I am silly like that – while I go out with a boy, I'm his and don't look at other men in any sexual way. Not that I needed to with Pat.

Quest: Why was that?

Dental nurse: I told you. We were very compatible in bed.

Quest: But finally things broke down completely?

Dental nurse: We had a blazing almightv row and I stormed out of the place and went round to Janet's. When I got there and told them what had happened Janet said I could stay the night. But as it turned out Janet was on night duty – she's a nurse – and had to be going. It never crossed my mind – not for an instant – that anything would happen between Andy and I.

Quest: But it did. Tell me how.

Dental nurse: Who knows about such things. I suppose it was a spur-of-the-moment thing and we must have both wanted sex . . . just as simple as that.

Quest: Was there anything between you and Andy? You mentioned earlier that Pat was very jealous. Was there any reason for him to be?

Dental nurse: Andy was always very nice to me and I did get the idea that he fancied me . . . but I was not going to do anything about it . . . You know it's just a feeling you can pick-up from someone. As if you say to yourself 'I'll bet he'd like to take me to bed.' But there's a difference between thinking like that and actually doing anything about it. After all if a woman wants to get laid she can do so, no matter how ugly she is, and I don't think I'm too ugly.

Quest: And what happened that night between you and Andy?

Dental nurse: He made love to me. I've got no recollection of how. Just that we did.

Quest: But you went back to Pat?

Dental nurse: I went home the next morning and saw Pat before we both went to work. We had a reunion cuddle and decided to try again.

Quest: And when did you next see Andy?

Dental nurse: It was *the* night. The night he diddled me while Pat was there. It was amazing. We'd gone to the pictures and the theatre had those lovely comfortable two-bench seats which bend and you can sink right down into. We were right at the back of the cinema, Janet was on the end, then Pat, then Andy and finally me. We didn't sit together as couples as it happened, because it was just the way we went in and the picture had already started. I was wearing a longish dress and those self supporting stockings, and knickers. We'd gone to see the local dirty movie for laughs – I forget what it was called – and we were sitting there, at the back of the stalls and all of a sudden I felt an elbow on my left – breast you know it was just being nudged. Of course, it was Andy; and when I turned to look at him he had this great smirk on his face. In the movie, the girl had gone to stay with a girlfriend and had been done by her boyfriend.

Quest: Did you tell him to stop?

Dental nurse: No. It seemed fun and I was feeling randy. I really can get turned on by naughty movies, even though you don't really see anything on the screen. Then, I felt this hand just brushing the outside of my thigh and I felt all tingly. Gradually it was tugging at my dress, pulling it up so he could get underneath it. I was damp already. I got up and went to the loo and while out there took off my knickers and put them in my handbag and went back. When I sat down I made sure that my skirt spread out on the side and it wasn't long before Andy had a hand underneath me and had his fingers working like mad at me. I cried out a little when he managed to get his fingers up me. And all I could do was squirm about on my seat, trying to get his hand as far up as it would go. I don't know why but it was far sexier and I was far more randy I believe then, than I'd ever been. I couldn't help but look down onto Andy's lap and there was this pyramid in the front of it so I eased my hand down and onto it and somehow we managed to snuggle a little closer and I was able to very gently unzip him – luckily, Andy had his coat with him and managed to put it over his lap and with my hand underneath, fondling his penis I felt so sexy.

Quest: Obviously intercourse was out of the question, but did you reach orgasm?

Dental nurse: If they hadn't been those type of seats, nothing would have been possible. But I was getting so terribly excited that I didn't know whether I was coming or going. Luckily there weren't all that many people in front but I had a devil of a job stopping myself from crying out in sheer enjoyment while Andy was working on my clitoris. It was frustrating too, because I wanted to tell him things, to do it harder, to be rougher, but I couldn't as everyone in the cinema would have known what we were doing. Andy felt so large in my hand that I just had to see him so I spilled some Smarties on the floor – only a few of them, and then made an effort to pick them up. And naturally I had to bend down over Andy and as I was there, I lifted the coat a little and caught sight of his beautiful penis, sticking out of his trousers and I poked out my tongue but I was too far away to reach it. So I sat back up, but I made sure I positioned myself right on his hand, properly, and after a few minutes it was all over, I felt it building in me and all of a sudden I was over the top and Andy had brought me off. I went all limp and when I'd recovered I only had time to make sure that he'd come before the lights went up. Andy did a bit of quick adjustment but had to walk home with his coat in front of him to hide the wet patch on his jeans.

Quest: And you don't think that the others suspected?

Dental nurse: No, not at the time, it was done rather well. And even if they had suspected what the hell? I've finally left Patrick now and Andy and Janet are engaged.

Quest: Would you like clandestine sex again?

Dental nurse: No, not really. They were spur to the moment decisions. Clandestine or surreptitious sex otherwise could be just another word for exhibitionism – like doing it in the crush on a London tube.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Two **Advertising executive, divorced, aged 27, town of origin Cardiff**

This – male – interviewee works for a large advertising agency. His work, however, affected his domestic life – his marriage ended in divorce three years ago. He currently lives alone in a small flat.

Quest: Has your divorce made you in any way antagonistic towards the opposite sex?

Executive: Very slightly I suppose. I'm one of those people who invariably puts work first and that isn't particularly conducive to lasting relationships. I tend to go in for more casual affairs now as there's less ill-feeling when they come to a close.

Quest: Do you have difficulty in persuading girls to go in for these casual affairs?

Executive: You'd probably be surprised how readily most of them agree. The most eager tend to be those who are married or who've got regular boyfriends. They're always keen for a sly bit on the side.

Quest: Is that easy to arrange?

Executive: Well without wishing to boast I once made love to a woman while her husband was in the next room.

Quest: If you'll forgive me saying so, that sounds extremely unlikely.

Executive: God's truth. We were in the kitchen and he was in the sitting room watching TV.

Quest: Go on.

Executive: Kay's an old girlfriend of mine from way back, before I was married even, and when I broke up with my wife we got it together again for a while. Then she upped and married and moved away, but when I'm in her area, which is about twice a year, I go round for dinner. This was one of those occasions.

Quest: Had sex taken place on any of these occasions?

Executive: Yes, but her husband, Mike, didn't know of course. It's nothing serious, just a little fling when I'm in the area.

Quest: So how did this one instance come about?

Executive: I'd got round early, before Mike got home from work, and we'd been having a drink and chatting. I was laying on the old flattery a bit, Kay's always liked that, and we'd been indulging in verbal foreplay if that makes any sense, you know, half-fun, half-serious. The 'I'd really like to get my hands inside your knickers' sort of thing. We both were feeling a bit fruity

QUEST

why you can't
do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available in back numbers.

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Further back numbers, page 24

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I suppose but then Mike came home and we had dinner with quite a lot of wine and then Mike said he wanted to watch some football on the TV, so I volunteered to help Kay with the washing-up. So Mike settled down in front of the box and I carted all the plates into the kitchen and Kay started piling them into the sink, the 'I'll wash, you dry' bit. Anyway, there she was at the sink and I couldn't help but notice her bum. I'm not really a bum man, but this girl really has a backside-and-a-half on her. It's like sponge rubber. It's not big, but it's almost perfectly circular, it's a real cartoon rump. So I put my hand on it and started stroking it. She grinned and wiggled up against me, so I slipped my hand under her skirt, which was quite short, and made knicker-contact, as the saying goes.

Quest: What was her reaction?

Executive: Well she tried to twist away, but she couldn't as she was elbow-deep in soapy water and I had her more or less pinned against the sink. Then I got my fingers inside and started stroking her fuzz. She was saying 'No, Mike'll hear us,' which was silly as neither of us was making a sound and there were fifty-thousand people on the telly roaring their heads off. I think she was quite enjoying it; in fact I know she was quite enjoying it because she opened her legs a bit so I could get at her more easily. This went on for a few minutes and then I knew I had to have her. I really wanted sex badly. I pulled her pants down a little with one hand and got myself out with the other. When she felt the tip of my cock against her crack she jumped about a foot into the air and she hissed at me that I mustn't but I was as good as in by then and with a couple of prods I was in proper. Then I thought about half-time.

Quest: Pardon?

Executive: Football half-time. When it's on ITV, they have commercials at half-time, but when the BBC have football, they just carry on into the second half. If the football had been on ITV, Mike might have come in for a cup of tea or something during the break. It was crazy. I whispered in Kay's ear 'What channel is the match on?' and she thought I was potty. She didn't know, so I thought 'what the hell' and carried on. It was very quick. I don't think the entire episode from start to finish can have lasted more than about ten minutes. Mark you, Mike was so engrossed in the football that I don't think he'd have noticed if we'd held an orgy in there. Kay knocked over a mug when I came and it smashed on the floor, but he didn't hear. I did though. I nearly did myself a nasty injury getting myself zipped up.

Quest: Was anything further said?

Executive: Kay rang me the next day. I think she enjoyed herself. She didn't say so in so many words, but that was the impression I got. Mike didn't notice a thing, as I've said. I just went in and watched the end of the match with him – it was on BBC by the way – and Kay went to the loo to tidy up.

Quest: Is that the only time you've experienced surreptitious sex?

Executive: Well it depends what you mean by surreptitious. I've had it off at parties, but only to the accompaniment of huge winks and leers from the assembled company. I'm sure everyone at some time must have slipped off to an upstairs bedroom during a party, wouldn't you think? I did once have it off with a girl who pretended she was asleep. Does that count?

Quest: Tell me more.

Executive: It was very weird actually. I'm still not entirely convinced it actually happened, but if it didn't it must be the wet dream to end all wet dreams. I met this girl – Pam – at this trade exhibition I was working on, she had something to do with publicity or promotion or something like that. For some reason that I honestly can't remember I had to buy her dinner. I'm sorry if that sounds a bit of a cop-out, but I really don't recall the exact circumstances.

Quest: Don't worry, carry on.

Executive: Well we went and had a pretty good meal, as I recall. We talked business for a while and then started nattering socially.

Quest: What about?

Executive: This, that and the other.

Quest: Sex?

Executive: Not really. I suppose it got mildly flirtatious after a while, but nothing passionate, or even explicit. We were comparing boyfriends and girlfriends. You know, 'I like a girl to do such-and-such.' 'I don't like men who blah-blah.' It was all talking in generalities. I mean you don't sit down at a dinner table with a more-or-less perfect stranger and begin discussing your sex-life, do you? We were talking as I would imagine most reasonable mature adults do when they're in each other's company for the first time.

Quest: What happened next?

Executive: After dinner, I suppose it was around ten, I asked her if she'd like to go to this club with me. It's not a disco, more a very sophisticated drinking club. You can play backgammon there too.

Quest: And she agreed?

Executive: Yes. I was pleasantly surprised as I thought she'd want to get off home. She said she played backgammon though and I thought it'd be nice to have a few games and a few drinks. We went off there and did just that. I was on large brandies and she was drinking Cointreau – we must have stayed quite some time, as I began to feel increasingly piddled and kept losing to her. I realised I must have been loaded as normally I'm a pretty good player. She seemed sober as a judge though. Actually, when you're pissed everyone else tends to seem sober to you, so in reality she was probably brahms and liszt too as she was matching me drink for drink. I said I thought we'd better be off. She was concerned about my ability to drive, but I thought I was OK. Bit stupid I suppose, but you're never at your most rational at moments like those, are you? I drove her home and I guess I must have been looking a bit green around the gills as she asked me if I was alright and whether I wanted to come in.

Quest: Do you think this was a sexual invitation?

Executive: To tell you the truth I wasn't in much of a state to judge, but I was worried about getting stopped. Her place was only about twenty minutes from the club, but a good hour away from me you see. I figured maybe if I asked nicely she'd let me crash out for the night, but I can honestly say that this was one occasion when sex wasn't uppermost on my mind. I went in and we had some coffee which helped a bit and then I asked if I could possibly stay the night. She said that she didn't sleep with men on first dates, but I replied that as far as I was concerned all I wanted to do was sleep and that I'd be quite happy on the floor while she took the bed. I don't think I mentioned by the way that she just had a bedsit. A fairly glamorous bedsit I admit, but just one room all the same. She looked a bit reluctant, but in the end she agreed and I made as if to lie on the floor, but she said not to be silly and that if I promised to behave myself I could come into bed with her. I agreed of course. As I've said, I don't think a crane would have got me up at that particular moment. She changed in her little bathroom and put on a pair of men's pyjamas, would you believe, before she got into bed.

Quest: How did you know they were men's pyjamas?

Executive: I could see a little triangle of pubic hair. God, I wasn't *that* drunk. I'd have had to be out cold not to notice something like that.

Quest: Do you think this exposure was deliberate?

Executive: I wouldn't have thought so. I just stripped off to my Y-fronts and hopped in beside her. I was asleep in a couple of secs.

Quest: And then came what might, or might not, have been a wet dream.

Executive: Yes. At some stage during the night I woke up. I don't have a clue how long I'd been asleep, but I woke up feeling miraculously clear-headed. Pam was on her back asleep, and through what little light was coming through the curtains, I could see that the top couple of buttons on her pyjama jacket had come undone exposing quite a large area of boob. I must admit that I did feel horny, so I started to stroke them very gently. I just unbuttoned the rest of the jacket and brushed my fingers over her nipples. She gave this little quiver, but she didn't open her eyes or anything. Well, I suppose I wouldn't have been able to see if she *had* opened her eyes, but she certainly didn't give any indication that she was awake. I went on playing with her nipples until they were absolutely rock-hard, and then I slowly undid her trousers and began to work on her pussy. She gave an almost inaudible moan and her legs opened just a fraction, but enough for me to slip a finger in and stroke her slit. I was surprised to find she was quite damp. Not sopping wet or anything like that, but definitely moist. I was so sure that this would wake her up that I abandoned any pretence at stealth and more or less yanked her trousers down, but she still didn't make any move. I pulled my own pants down and lay on top of her and guided myself in. It was quite a tight fit as her legs were still only half-opened. It wasn't that memorable I'm afraid. I refuse to believe that she was still asleep at this stage, but she steadfastly lay there and did absolutely nothing. I pumped in and out for a while and then I came and then I fell asleep again almost immediately. And that was that.

Quest: With no reaction from the girl?

Executive: Bugger all. Really. I mean maybe I was a lousy lay in her terms, I don't know. She didn't mention it in the morning either and unless she was incredibly stupid, which she wasn't, she'd have noticed some tell-tale sign, not to mention the fact that she'd gone to sleep wearing pyjamas and woken up naked.

Quest: Did the relationship continue?

Executive: No. I only saw her again a couple of times and that was during the course of work. I did ask her out, but she refused.

Quest: Have you thought about an explanation for her behaviour?

Executive: I can only think that she was physically willing to make love, but had some kind of curious mental block about lowering her own self-set standards and doing it on a first date. Or maybe she was genuinely in a very deep booze-induced sleep. Or maybe I really did just dream it. I don't think so, though.

Quest: Thanks very much.

Three **Secretarial student, brunette, 21 years old, town of origin Bradford**

After a private education this interviewee had worked as a receptionist before taking up a secretarial course at a Midlands college. At the time of the interview she was nearing the end of her course and shared a house with two other girls.

Quest: For a girl who claims to be inhibited about sex, you were fairly blatant with Brian, weren't you?

Student: Oh come on, that was a once in a lifetime episode. I don't make a habit of having it off on crowded beaches. I am very shy about my body. Sex is important to me. I can't just do it because I feel like it.

Quest: But you do have an active sex life?

Student: Well, doesn't anyone, who can? I've never made love to someone I wasn't fond of.

Quest: What you told me about your first time doesn't really suggest that.

Student: I think most women are very lucky if their first time is really fantastic.

Quest: Tell me about *your* first time.

Student: He was the French assistant at school actually. He was the only available thing in trousers for miles around where I was.

Quest: And your assistant took advantage of this?

Student: Oh yes. I was obsessed with him at the time but it's fairly obvious to me now that he was having a ball. Trouble was in a place like that it's impossible to sort out facts from female fantasies. And he was very attractive – quite beautiful really. His name was Jean-Paul.

Quest: How did he take advantage of his situation?

Student: The rumour was he used to stroke the girls' thighs in assembly. It was supposed to be a great honour to be groped by Jean-Paul during hymn singing.

Quest: But it was more than a rumour?

Student: Well, it did happen to me. Not just out of the blue. I was doing extra French, which was quite popular as you can imagine; but they wanted me to go straight for an 'A' Level – it was my best subject; my parents were always going on holiday in France and my conversational was quite good. So it meant that quite often I was taking lessons with JP – that was what we called him – with only one or two other girls. And coming up towards the exam I had a lot of extra lessons on my own.

Quest: What exactly was he teaching you?

Student: Things like showing us what petting was in French. I don't mean he was actually having everyone in class; it was done in a very jokey kind of way, always when there were two or three of us. Of course most of us were fifth or sixth formers then. He had a very solemn, very serious face, but he wasn't like that at all really. Half the time you couldn't tell if he was joking or not.

Quest: But he acted differently when you were alone with him?

Student: Oh much less obviously, at least with me. I think I was quite disappointed in a way. But he was never a wolf, not the sort who'd come breathing all over you. He was quite clever; he was always asking you to come and look at something more closely over his shoulder, and then he wouldn't do anything. It made me very very conscious of him, and from that point on I was hooked.

Quest: Where did you see him?

Student: On my own. In empty classrooms, or out in the grounds if it was a hot day. I never went to his room.

Quest: How did you come to have sex?

Student: I was mad to see him again; I spent half the time writing him pathetic letters I never showed him. Then we had one agonising lesson with another girl, and finally we were on our own again. This time we were in the grounds, miles away from anywhere I thought, in the sports pavilion. I don't think I gave him a chance to even open his book; we were kissing straightaway, and then we went inside and he asked me to get undressed, which I'd never done before in front of a man; and it was such an incredible thought. Being stark naked in the pavilion, in full view of the school – if anyone had had binoculars.

Quest: He didn't undress?

Student: He took his shirt off, but he wouldn't take any more. But then we started playing silly games, chasing each other about until we flopped down on some mats at the back of the kitchen and made love properly.

Quest: Successfully?

Student: It's funny, for something so important, I only remember little details. I was very self-conscious all of a sudden, and he was very gentle and kind to start with until he began to get really turned on. Then he got quite rough and I know I was a bit alarmed and started to push him back, just to slow him down a bit. But he kept saying, 'No, it's alright, my darling, I am coming in you now; you feel me now.' He was wearing this contraceptive. Then he began to move in and out and suddenly these strange, beautiful feelings started and I found my breath was sticking, and he was panting and gasping, 'I come now, I come now' and gave a great groan and jerked in me and then got off almost at once.

Quest: Did the relationship continue?

Student: In a way. We made love one other time, and he was quite affectionate. But I didn't feel the same at all. I probably sound like a terrible cow, but I suddenly realised it was just the sex I wanted – I mean, to have done it – and I didn't really care about him at all. He didn't mind. It was obvious to me then that he was having a go at half the rest of the school.

Quest: But other relationships were more successful?

Student: Oh yes. I was involved with a married man, a bit stupidly, for a while. Then I met Alan, and we were planning to get married and that was marvellous sexually; but we found we weren't really suited and ended it mutually.

Quest: This is when you first met Brian?

Student: I was living in London, then and I moved closer to home, mainly for a fresh start. Also because my sister Sarah had just got married – she's two years older than me and we'd always been close. While I was still living at home we'd gone out together quite a bit because our tastes in men were completely different; I like dark, swarthy, very masculine types – Sarah loved willowy intellectuals. And what do I find when I go home again? She's married Brian, who's got thick black curly hair, a marvellously muscular body and plays squash like a champion. The first thing I said to her when I got her to herself was, 'Play fair, sister dear; if I'd been around you wouldn't have got a look in.'

Quest: Presumably meant as a joke?

Student: Oh, of course, and Sarah took it that way, and so would I if it hadn't been obvious that Brian was quite interested.

Quest: Hence your repeated visits home?

Student: That's not quite fair. I might have found Brian interesting but I did go out with other men. It's just that I didn't meet anyone who interested me more.

Quest: Whose idea was it for you to go on holiday with them?

Student: Sarah's, believe it or not. She was very happy, which made what happened all the worse. Or it would if she ever found out. But all three of us did get on splendidly and I didn't have anything planned, so I agreed.

Quest: And you still get on well away?

Student: Even better. Brian kept on about having a private harem – I suppose it must have looked like that to outsiders. Actually it was quite a sexy atmosphere. Brian and Sarah had only been married a year and they were absolutely obsessed with each other in bed. I ended up doing most of the shopping because they were never up in the mornings.

Quest: You didn't resent that, or feel frustrated?

Student: I didn't resent it, I was happy for them. But I must admit I did feel quite frustrated. We all went to a local disco one night and I practically got mauled by a local he-man. I think it was that that made me realise how long I'd been without a man. And we were on the beach all day and it was such a hot summer we were all almost naked most of the day.

Quest: But something else made it worse the day the incident occurred?

Student: Well, yes. It was stupid really. We were having a brunch – Sarah and Brian had obviously had a good night. Brian wanted a shower before we went out; I offered to wash up while Sarah tidied the bedrooms. I finished and for some reason I thought Brian had finished too; it sounded like Sarah talking in the bedroom. I wanted to go in the bathroom, so I gave a sort of token tap and burst in. And Brian was still in the shower, with Sarah. The water was off, but they were both naked, standing up with Sarah leaning back with a look of ecstasy on her face while Brian was busy nibbling her nipples. They both screamed out laughing, and I did too, and beetled out as quickly as I could. And then it hit me, like stepping into a cold shower. I thought I'd burst into flames. I felt so fruity, it was all I could do to stop touching myself.

Quest: It didn't embarrass the others?

Student: Oh, nothing would embarrass Brian. Two minutes after that we were all running down to the beach; it only meant crossing a field, the beach road and then there were the dunes. Brian was trying to undo my bikini top as we went.

Quest: As a game? Didn't Sarah mind?

Student: He was always playing around like that. He never actually got it off. And Sarah was like the cat who licked the cream. I mean, she had him every single night. He wasn't likely to have much left over for me whatever happened. She's a very practical girl. The only trouble was I found it absolute agony after the shower incident. And Brian just played on my embarrassment. I suppose, in a way, that was my excuse for being wicked.

Quest: How could you be wicked with Sarah there?

Student: Well, she wasn't. We settled in a little hollow in the dunes, overlooking the beach, miles from where the big crowds were. You could see a few kids playing near the water but that was five minutes away. Sarah and Brian usually sidled up and sunbathed next to each other. I stayed a couple of feet away. Which is what we did then. But then Sarah suddenly remembered a prescription she'd meant to pick up from the village. She has very sensitive skin; there's some special preparation she gets from her GP. Brian offered to drive in, but she said she had to get out of the sun and she had some shopping to do anyway and she could do it all quicker on her own.

Quest: You didn't offer to go?

Student: No, but I can't drive. And I didn't want to miss the sun any more than she did. So I was left with Brian.

Quest: How were you dressed now? Still with only a bikini?

Student: My strap was undone, which is what I'd have done normally anyway. Though I'd never been like that alone with Brian before; in fact I don't think we'd been alone before at all. Perhaps that was the real secret of it all.

Quest: And you encouraged him sexually?

Student: No, that's unfair. I'm sure we were both aware of an attraction, even if it was only an odd thought for Brian. And I only asked him to rub in some sun oil – only on my back – which I'd done dozens of times before.

Quest: How did he respond?

Student: He did it, like he usually did, though he did sound a bit nervous. No, that's not quite true. I knew he was aware of me. I got the distinct feeling he thought I might turn over and surprise him, and it wasn't an awful idea as far as he was concerned. I knew he found my breasts interesting. Sarah has a nice, trim figure – she's very petite. I'm the same height, but much lusher; my boobs are much fuller and they're not easy to hide. But then he stopped rubbing.

Quest: Why was that?

Student: That's what I asked him, but he just mumbled and laughed; and I twisted my head round and he was rolling back onto his own towel. So I asked again and he gave a sort of pretend cough and grinned and said, 'Don't want to stretch my trunks any more, do I?'

Quest: You were giving him an erection?

Student: I'm sure if he'd been embarrassed and just slunk away, I'd have been embarrassed myself; but he'd teased me so much before I didn't care. I said, 'I'm not turning you on, am I Brian?' And he was on his back now, blinking up at the sun, and just chortled. So then I lifted myself onto my elbows and said again, 'Surely my dear sister is enough for you, Brian?' And he turned to say something and took one glimpse of my boobs hanging down and slumped back at once, saying, 'Little sister, you're being a naughty girl. I'm going off to sleep. Don't bother me, please.' And immediately began making loud snoring noises. I just laughed and lay down again.

Quest: But you didn't give up?

Student: I suppose I thought he would have run away and jumped in the sea if he'd been really bothered. Either that, or he didn't think I was a real threat. So I thought for a while and got up again, and he was still lying there with his eyes closed. So I wrapped a towel round my top and sat watching him. And his trunks did look as if they were stretched a bit, because you couldn't help noticing. Then I started to feel wicked again and grinned to myself and pulled myself over to him. And he gave a snort, as if he were asleep – he might even have been asleep just then. And then I blew on him.

Quest: You what?

Student: I blew on his bulge. I leaned over him and blew down his stomach – he was quite dark and hairy there – and made his hairs ruffle and then down over his trunks. And he gave a little shiver and snorted again, and then it began to happen. He started to grow. I was absolutely fascinated. I'd never watched that closely before. It went in little jerks, and every time it stopped I gave it another little blow. And then I thought, 'That's terrible; perhaps he's dreaming it's Sarah doing that.' But then I thought he must be pretending. And the trunks were really bursting by now. And then I thought I'd die. He actually peeped out under the edge of his trunks.

Quest: What did you do then?

Student: I kissed it.

Quest: His penis?

Student: Then his stomach, then his chest, and then his lips.

Quest: Without Brian waking?

Student: I think both of us were beyond worrying at that exact moment. I really didn't care all of a sudden. My towel slipped off and I was lying on top of him, rubbing myself against him and kissing his neck and shoulders – it was a totally mad, gorgeous moment. I really think I was a bit deranged. But he didn't jerk away at all. I felt his hands holding my arms, and I plunged my hand into the top of his trunks and felt this incredible meaty warmth, and started moaning and trying to pluck the material away. But then his hands were pushing as well and pulling at my bikini bottom and suddenly there was nothing between us; only his gorgeous fat thing sticking right between my legs, feeling fantastic. And I don't know who moved first; either he pushed me higher, or I lifted myself, but I rose above it, feeling it squash against my lips and prod into me so urgently, until it burst right in, just the knob first, and then, when I straightened up, the whole of it. And I began to bounce up and down, very easily and gently at first and then gradually faster and faster and faster until my bottom was slapping against his thighs. And of course it was then I heard Sarah calling.

Quest: She came back to you?

Student: We wouldn't be talking if she had. She was on the top of the dunes, shouting something about putting a meal on. She could only have seen me sitting up and from quite a distance, but I had to stop moving. It felt awful. And then I realised I was topless and I felt Brian's hand thrust a towel up in front of me. And Sarah waved and moved away and I waved back and then dropped forward on my elbows, absolutely shattered, but right on the edge of my climax and I remember gasping, 'Oh Brian, darling, please finish me, finish me.'

Quest: He was still in you?

Student: And very hard. And he began jerking under me and pumping and pumping and I felt him start to come and just squealed and he spurted and I just clung to him and flaked out.

Quest: But the relationship ended there?

Student: The sexual side, yes. I knew I'd been very silly. When I was aware of what was happening again he was still lying where he'd been before, but with his back humped against me and his trunks on. I couldn't think of a thing to say; I'm not a marriage wrecker. And I started to say something, but he interrupted me and said, 'Oh put a sock in it, little sister. Can't you see I'm asleep.' And that was the end of it. I'm still very fond of him, but we both know the score. We're not going to do it again.

Quest: Thank you.

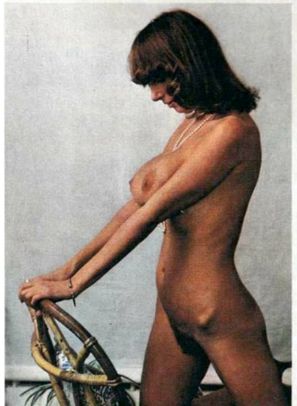
SHELAGH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Human nature, being what it is, different parts of a girl's anatomy will appeal to different men. There are bottom and boob buffs; leg lovers and some for whom the eyes have it. This being so, it'll come as no surprise to discover that girls have *their* favourite parts of *our* bodies and in the case of 28-year-old Shelagh Harrison, the bits that send shivers down the spine of her 39–23–35 are well-muscled,

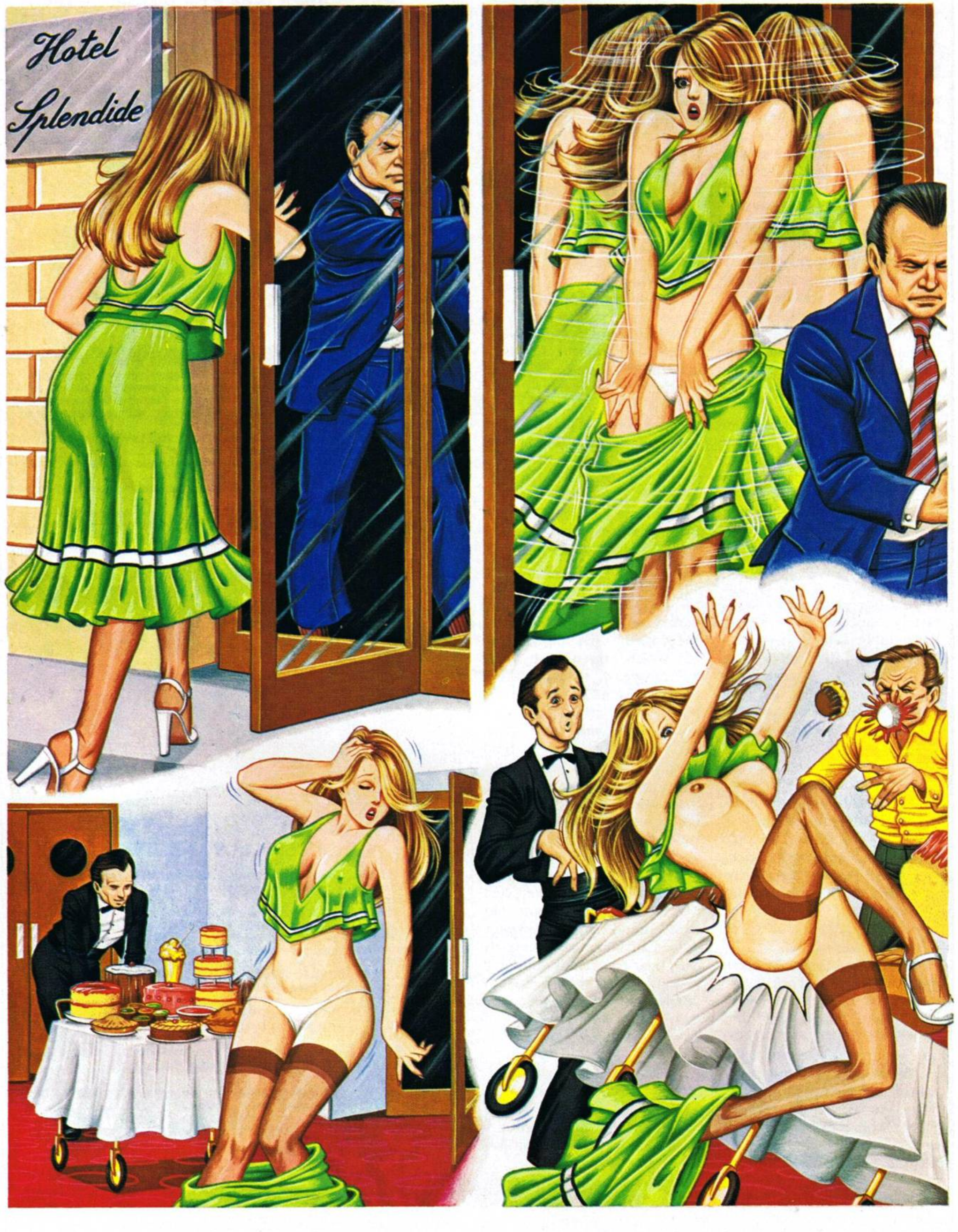
hairy thighs, ideally belonging to 'big, hunky, good-looking guys.' With this predilection, Shelagh has maybe the perfect job – an executive secretary with a Canadian oil-exploration company – and as can be seen nearly every day on television, oil men invariably seem to be rugged, husky types forever gazing into the middle distance through steely-blue eyes and wondering where they're going to drill next. Shelagh came into the world of oil via the diverse paths of publishing and show-business. Born in Bradford and schooled in Durham, she trained with the Nan Markui modern ballet company and appeared as *Sleeping Beauty* in a winter pantomime season in Stockton-on-Tees. Her most recent stage appearance was in *Hello Dolly* at the Acton

Town Hall earlier this year. In between bouts of dancing, Shelagh worked for the publishers Robert Hale – again as a secretary – and also as a waitress in the Norwegian town of Christiansand. 'It has all,' agrees Shelagh, 'been a bit on the hectic side, but that's the way things invariably seem to turn out for me. Something or other is always cropping up. Even though I like the job I'm in now, I'd love to go back to dancing – I find that's the best way I can express myself. I'm a great extrovert once I'm on the dancefloor; I go to the *007* at the Hilton in Park Lane generally as it's a bit more sophisticated than most other discos. Sure I get chaps chatting me up · I like the attention! Anyway, I prefer the company of men. I don't know quite why, but a number of my boyfriends have been younger than me.' Shelagh grins. 'Maybe I'm a subconscious cradle-snatcher! The arrangement seems to work anyway as most of my ex-boyfriends still are good friends with me.' A smile. 'Clichés apart, *just* good friends describes them all to perfection!'

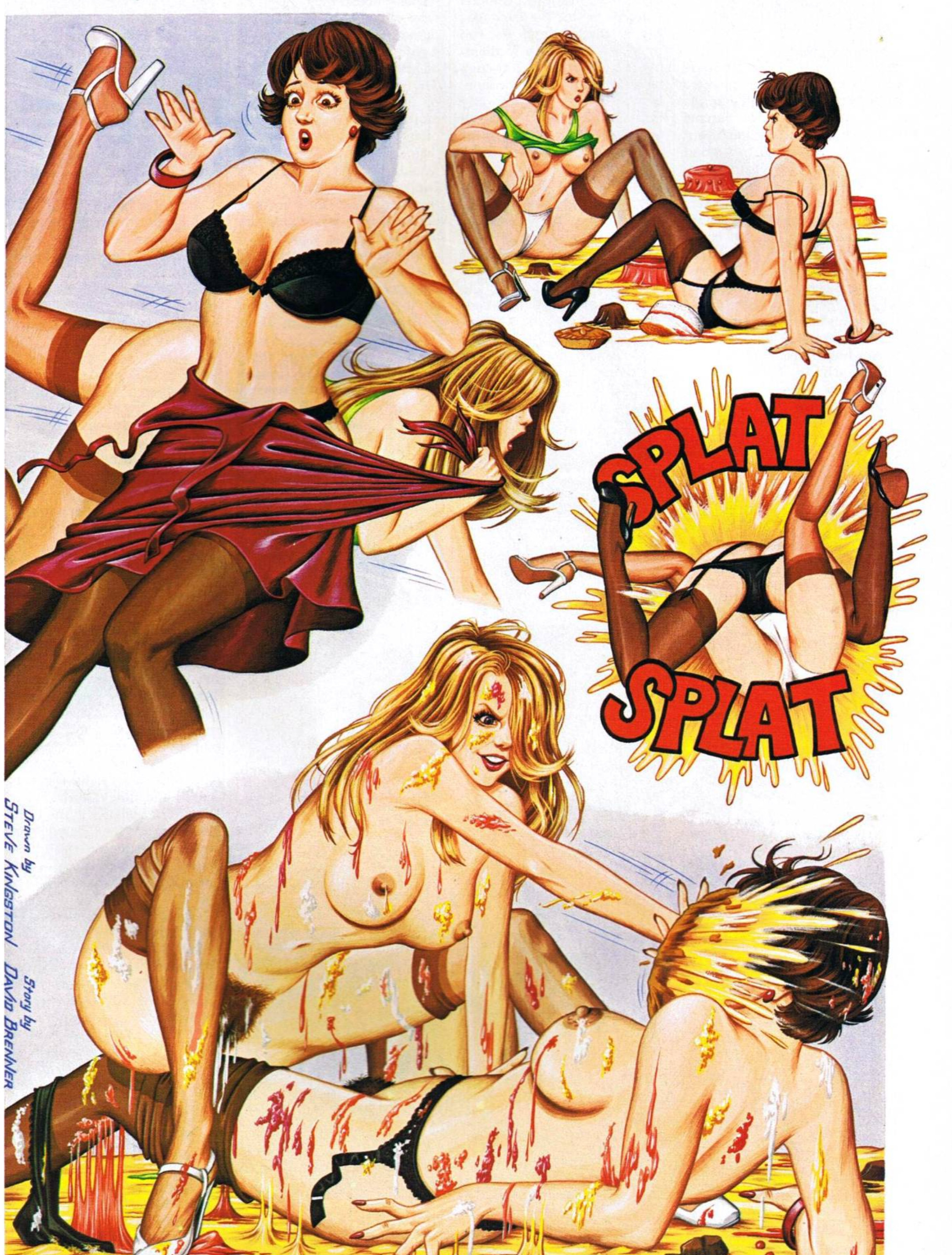


CARRIE

Carrie's spin in the swing door ends in a game of pat-a-cake



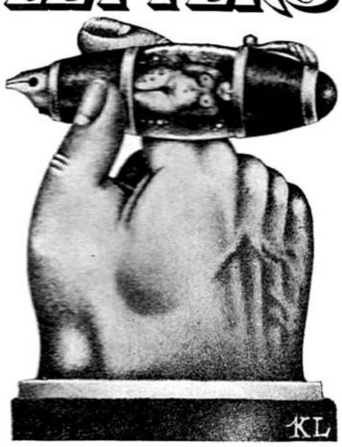
Hotel Splendide



SPLAT
SPLAT

Drawn by Steve Kingston Story by David Brenner

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

As a fireman I was glad to see Carrie on the wrong side of the Fire Brigade in Vol 12 No 8. She seems to have been on the wrong side of almost everyone else in the past five years. However, as in real life, it would in all probability be the 'ranks' who would come across such a sight. I could name at least forty-five firemen who would love to arrive at an incident of this type and be confronted with a bird of Carrie-like proportions waiting to be rescued. Perhaps it'd be a case of spontaneous combustion or sod the fire.

In fact my watch had a similar incident a few months ago. The call was to a 'person locked in'. On arrival at the address the lads were told that it was a sixteen-year-old girl locked in a bathroom (minds started to boggle, I imagine). On releasing the girl from her predicament she was found to be fully clothed and had only gone in there to powder her nose or whatever women do. There is nothing like a good anti-climax, is there?

Anyway, I have decided to enter next year's leading fireman's exam and hopefully pass it. I will then await my first stripe and a (rescue?) situation like Carrie's.

One last thing, top marks to Steve Kingston for detail on the fireman's tunics and helmets, and indeed, top marks also to Dave Brenner for his excellent story-lines.

Roger Pickett, Grays, Essex

I noted with interest that in your July issue you featured an article 'Ever dreamt of being the one that got away.' You had a photograph of the first boat I purchased showing myself loading pots.

It may be of interest that I did just as your article suggested and did get away from the rat race. I used to travel by train from Twyford in Berkshire to the City every day, first to the Stock Exchange where I was a jobber, and up until three years ago to a business in Queen Street where I was the managing director.

I opted out of the rat race and came to Padstow where I now fish for shellfish in the summer and go trawling in the winter - and enjoy every minute of my working day which has no fixed hours. It would take one hell of a lot to get me back to London to work.

Ian Macer, Padstow, Cornwall

As a reader of *Mayfair* from the early days, I thought the enclosed cutting from the *West Lancashire Evening Gazette* might be of interest:

'An MP today appealed to the miners of four cunties to drop their mean and selfish attitude . . .'

This seems to indicate without doubt what local readers already know – that the paper in question can't afford to pay proof readers. But what an interesting occupation some chaps have.

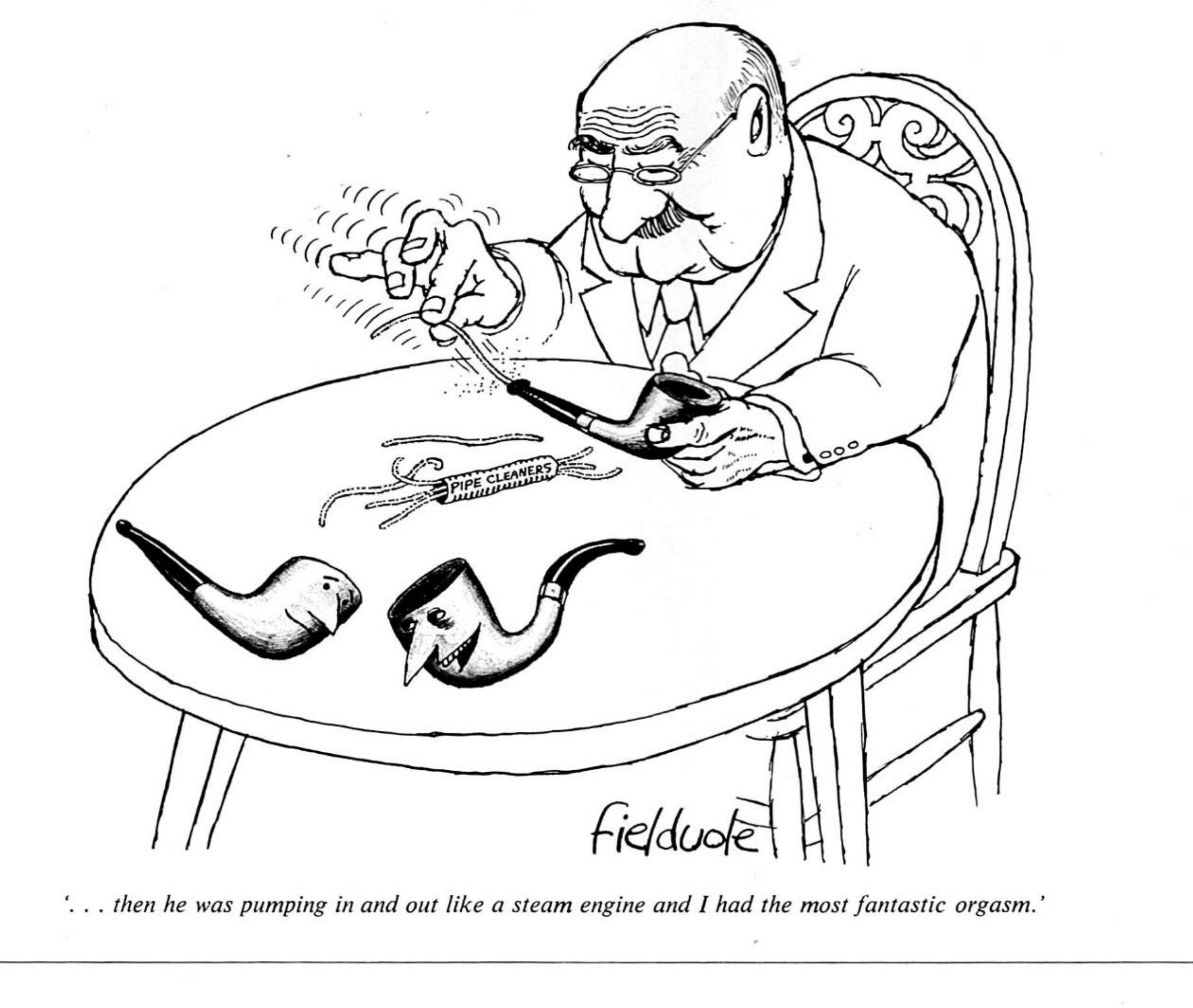
C Thompson, Blackpool, Lancs

They do sound a bit mingy!

I agree with S R C (Vol 12 No 5). I, too, would like to see more Telly birds unclothed. How about these girls for starters? Elizabeth Sladen, Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Kate Jackson, Jaclyn Smith, Lisa Goddard, Rula Lenska, Michelle Dotrice, Jenny Agutter and Lindsay Wagner. Most of all, however, I'd like to see the lovely Jenny Hanley from I T V's *Magpie.*

A E, Tonbridge, Kent

I am a great *Mayfair* fan and thoroughly enjoyed the latest issue. You ask which TV girls we would like to see. My choice is Jenny Lee Wright from *The Big Box Game* and the two hostesses from *Sale of the Century.* Jenny has also



'. . . then he was pumping in and out like a steam engine and I had the most fantastic orgasm.'

LETTERS

continued from page 11

clothing and, as one correspondent pointed out, there seems to be an increasing number of people who, by accident or design, end up in rivers, pools, fountains, etc while dressed in casual clothes.

One treasured memory of this summer happened a short time ago when after a Saturday lunch drinking session our party decided to go for a swim. We were all quite merry and the ten couples – aged about eighteen to twenty-five – headed for the clay pits just outside Derby. It is quite deserted at the weekend and by the time my wife and I arrived a few of the lads were swimming naked. Some girls swam in their bra and panties. My wife never wears a bra so decided against a topless dip. She is usually quite an exhibitionist and sunbathes nude at home – much to the consternation of our neighbours. However, in front of so many close friends she chose to be more modest.

After a short while watching she went for a paddle and began splashing some of the non-swimming lads. We had been quite happy watching some of the see-through undies splashing about. Anyway the inevitable happened and she was ceremoniously thrown in fully clothed amid squeals and laughter.

She swam around in the clear water and finally emerged with her white tennis shirt absolutely transparent, her trousers gleaming and her shoes squelching. The effect was to silence the group of voyeurs – it was eventually broken when she decided to get all the other girls into the water as well.

Within minutes everyone was in the rather warm water, having a great time. When people started drifting back ashore I couldn't help but notice some lovely breasts showing through the wet clothing. It really was a great afternoon's fun – spontaneous and sexy.

Brian Kenning, Derby

The Jubilee Issue (Vol 12 No 6) I consider to be one of the best ever. I must protest, however, about the appearance of 'dirty old man' Fitzgerald with the photos of Geraldine. Most readers prefer the girls to be alone. After all there are plenty of other, inferior, magazines on sale if we wish to see our girls accompanied. But on the credit side, the appearance in the two most recent issues of refugees from *The Sun* was most welcome.

A S, Rugeley, Staffs

I feel the article 'Baldness Be My Friend' in Vol 12 No 8 missed a great opportunity for some useful, informative journalism.

For example, how can one overcome the problem of hair loss, apart from learning to live with it? The magazine *Which?* has published reports on hair pieces and 'restorative' lotions – neither of which were particularly flattering to the manufacturers or purveyors concerned. What about the various transplant methods? Does the transplanted hair last for the remainder of the recipient's life or does it fall out like the original hair did? How much does it cost and how do the various clinics providing this service compare with each other? Perhaps other readers would like to contribute their own experiences with any of the above-mentioned.

P G H, Dartford, Kent

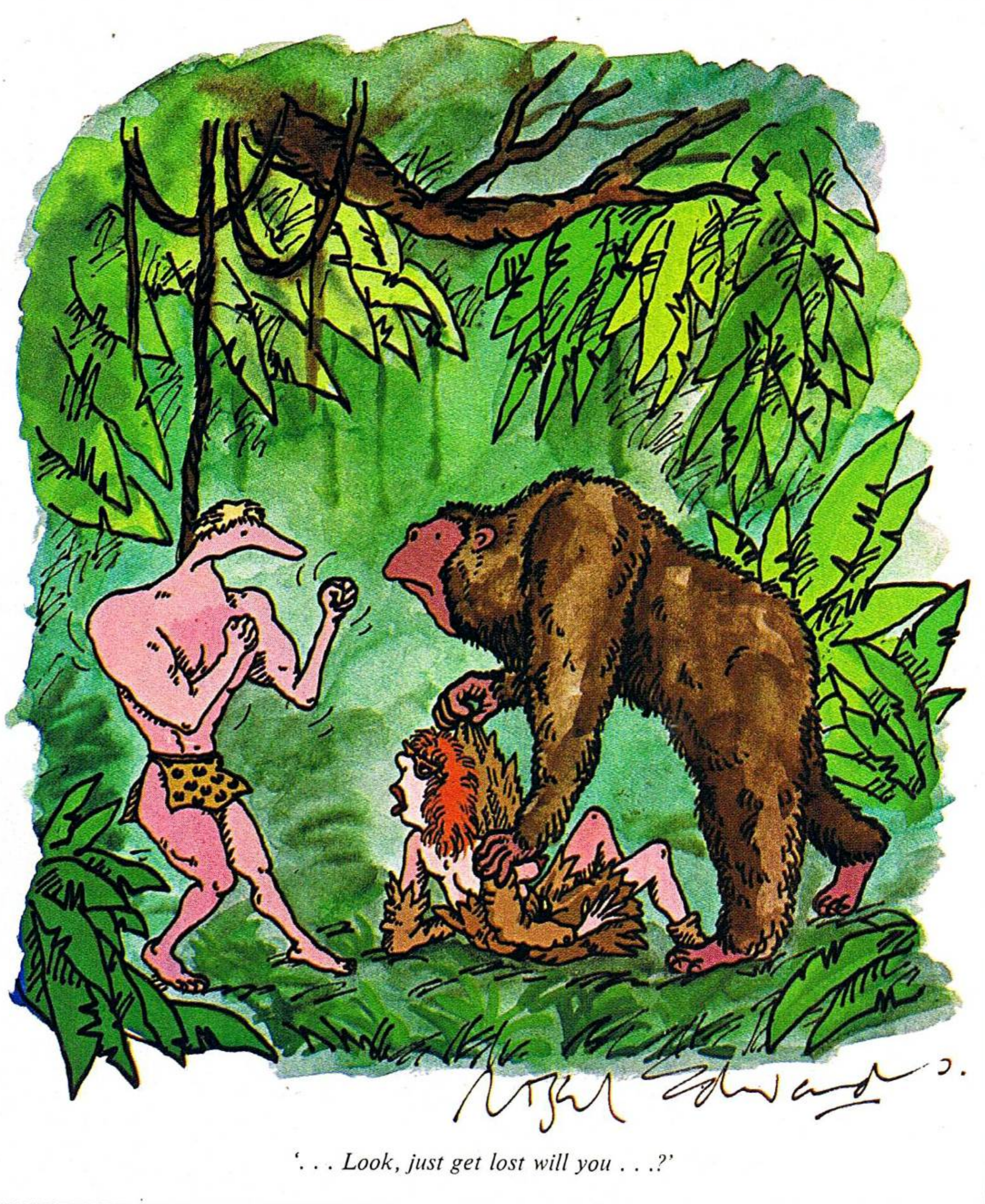
Very happy to hear from readers on this subject. Our feature was intended purely to share the mental attitude to approaching baldness.

Ever since I can remember I have wanted to become a woman's slave. An easy thing to do, you probably say. Well it is, to a certain extent. When I was at school I became a slave to several women – most of them whipped me, made me lick them, kicked me up my rear, and on one occasion shaved my pubic hair and covered my penis with glue then with paint. The woman then left me spreadeagled and securely tied to two trees in a park. A park warden released me at eight the following morning.

Even my present girlfriend puts me on a collar and lead; I strip naked and she orders me on all fours. An exciting sexual pleasure then fills me; my head goes up under her skirt and I may do whatever I want. Usually kissing my way up from the feet.

But now, after reading *Mayfair* for seven months I have laid eyes upon the most incredibly beautiful woman and have made this smooth, sexy, ravishing young lady my goddess. Naturally I'd do anything to be her slave – decently, of course, if it were possible. The lady

turn to page 115



'. . . Look, just get lost will you . . .?'

appeared in a *Benny Hill Show* flashing her panties and stockings while doing a sort of can-can, dressed as a policewoman.
On the subject of uniforms, can we please see more models like nurses, traffic wardens, air stewardesses, police women and the like, posed in sexy comedy situations in which they lose their clothes?
T W, Dursley, Glos

We all know that spring is meant to be the season of sex and excitement but I have found recently that the summer heat is much more effective in bringing the girls out and their clothes off.
Since I work in Dean Street, London, I make a point of spending my lunch hours in nearby Soho Square where one gets marvellous views up skirts and down blouses. It is the voyeur's dream, with girls lying around revealing almost everything – their eyes closed, blissfully unaware of anything but the sun, or so I thought.
Recently, after I had been staring for quite some time at a really ravishing blonde who was showing off a hell of a lot of really pert young breast, I realised that she had noticed my attentions. Of course, I turned bright red, but it was obvious she had realised how excited she had made me.
For the next four days she made a point of sunbathing in full view of me – each day showing off more of her luscious young body. I haven't yet plucked up the courage to speak to her, but I have high hopes for when I do.
N R, London W1

I have just read in Vol 12 No 7 the review of 'Woman Overboard' which is Linda Lewis' latest album.
The critic mentioned that he had enjoyed the cover which I immediately went to inspect. It is indeed a superb sleeve which shows Linda wading through the surf wearing a soaking wet see-through dress. Her nipples seem suitably erect and I found the whole effect quite stimulating. The music is also brilliant – well done Linda.
But now to the wider issue of wet clothing. Judging from letters many other men enjoy the erotic pleasures of soaking

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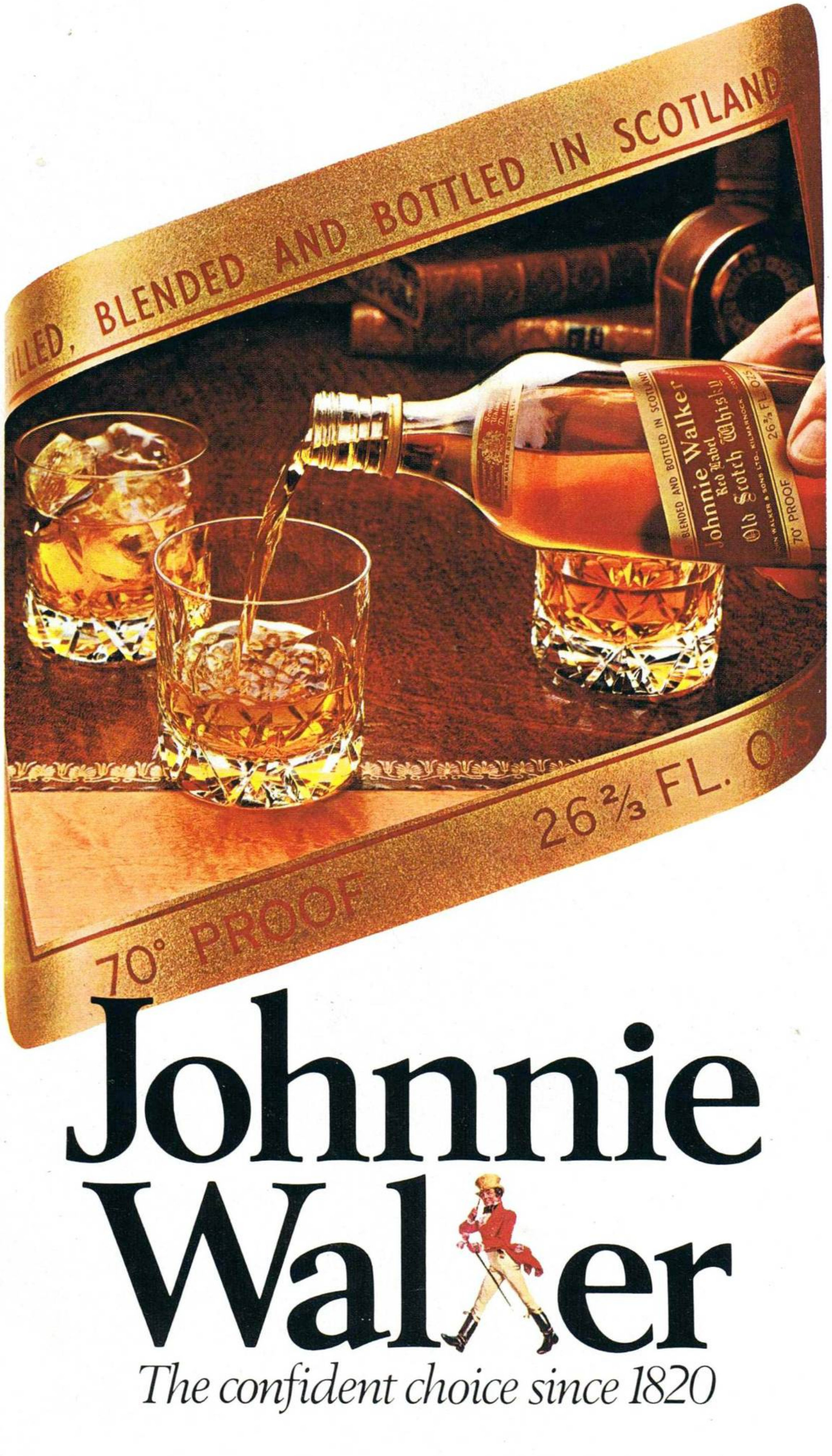

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LETTERS

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referred to is pictured on a recent centre spread – the dynamic Alexandra Bogojevic (Vol 12 No 5).

Gentlemen, can you imagine being caned by her as she rubs her feet in your face? Surely, Alexandra is the most astonishing woman ever to walk the earth.

Being turned on so sometimes makes me feel ashamed, but then I read Vol 12 No 7 and a letter from J K L of Enfield, I realised that hundreds, perhaps thousands of men enjoy being disciplined. When you think about it it's funny that men are physically stronger than women yet many men wouldn't lift a finger if a woman were to beat them.

(Name and address withheld)

I would like to make a suggestion as to a series of photographs which most of your readers would certainly enjoy. You will realize – your cartoons often show it, as well as 'Carrie,' and many letters deal with it – that many men are fascinated by the idea of a girl being spanked on her bare buttocks. So why not publish a couple of nice pictures of a father spanking his daughter with her pants down, a schoolmaster caning a few girl pupils, or whatever you may think of?

M de Ruyter, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

I have been following with considerable interest a series of letters published recently concerning the satisfaction experienced by some girls when sitting on members of the opposite sex. Like the American air hostess (Vol 12 No 5) I was absolutely fascinated by Miss Deacon's account in Vol 11 No 10 of how she subdued a boy by sitting on his face and how, furthermore, she thoroughly enjoyed doing so. Having once experienced similar treatment at the hands of two girls I would not doubt for one minute Miss Deacon's claim that she was virtually able to smother her victim in this manner. My only query concerns the boy – I'd like to know if he enjoyed the experience as much as I enjoyed mine, though I guess we'll never know that.

I was thirteen at the time and the family had just moved to a new area and among my friends were two girls – Susan, who was my height but slightly heavier, and Hazel, who was fast approaching womanhood and who was considerably taller and heavier than me. During that summer it became a habit for us to meet after school on the common near home. Initially we would just sit around and chatter, but one evening we became involved in a rough and tumble. I can't recall how it started but I suddenly found myself rolling around on the grass with Susan. I dare say that I could have escaped, but instead I paused and allowed her to take the advantage. With a cry of triumph, Susan pounced on me and immediately straddled my chest. Apart from wriggling around a bit to make her ride upon me I made no real effort to unseat her and, after a while, lay still. As I relaxed Susan settled herself comfortably on my stomach.

'I think he likes it,' she remarked to Hazel after a time.

'Likes what?'

'Being sat on,' replied Susan. Of course, she was right, but a combination of masculine pride and embarrassment would not allow me to acknowledge the fact. To prove her wrong I twisted my body violently and tumbled her off onto the grass.

Up to this point Hazel had been watching the activity intently but had not become involved. Now she, too, entered the fray and I really had a fight on my hands.

At first I managed to keep clear of trouble by ducking and weaving but then Susan caught my ankles and held on for long enough to allow Hazel to sit on me.

At this stage the battle was almost won for Hazel was a stone or more heavier than me and there was no way I could unseat her. I was determined not to give up and continued to kick and struggle. Susan then sat on my legs and, in a final coup de grace, Hazel moved up so that she was sitting astride my chest and pinning my arms with her knees. I was helpless. The girls

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LETTERS

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knew it and began taunting me. I didn't respond so they began thinking of other ways to assert their mastery over me.

At Susan's suggestion they decided that Hazel should sit on my face. She eased herself forward until she was directly astride my head and then settled herself down until her knickers were just brushing my face. She apparently enjoyed the sensation for she spent a time poised over me gently rubbing her knickers on my face. Then I was engulfed in warm female flesh as she rested her full weight on me. I was so completely smothered that I couldn't breathe, never mind shout, and I had to submit. These games became a regular feature that summer and, as time progressed, both girls became far more proficient at wrestling.

Eventually we moved to a more secluded spot where they would strip down to blouse and gym knickers in order to gain greater freedom of movement.

In spite of the undoubted sexual satisfaction which we all gained from these activities, we never considered the possibility of going further and in this respect our games were completely innocent.

Regrettably I have never experienced the like of it since for it seems that girls lose all aggressive spirit as they pass beyond their early teens. Certainly, I have been able to persuade girlfriends to sit astride me but it has always been at my suggestion, and not one of them has had the inclination to overpower me and pin me down. Miss Deacon's letter, therefore, gave me enormous satisfaction as I was beginning to draw the conclusion that my desire to be physically dominated by women was abnormal.

Paul Archer, c/o Barbizon Plaza Hotel, New York

I feel Mr C King's short and sharp letter (Vol 12 No 7) needs a more substantial reply. He raises an important issue, yet treats it far too glibly.

Okay, so the word 'pornography' comes from two Greek words meaning 'harlot' and 'writing.' But it is a big step from that little piece of etymology to branding *Mayfair* and other men's magazines as wholesale prostitution.

Mayfair provides readers with stories to excite and titillate, and stories of genuine human interest.

But *Mayfair* differs from other men's magazines in its treatment of models. *Mayfair's* photography is tasteful, never ugly and often strikingly beautiful.

Most of these girls would take exception – and rightly so – to Mr King's remarks about prostitutes.

He may use them as such, but that is his affair. The girls are there to look beautiful, and let's praise God for that. To view a seductive look in a sensitively-taken photograph as Mr King does is just missing the point.

R H, Guildford, Surrey

Thank you for Vol 12 No 7 which, as usual, contains a delectable collection of nude femininity. You rightly describe your magazine as 'entertainment for men.'

I agree with everything you say about Nina Jensen that 'there can surely be few more pleasing things to the eye of the male beholder than the pictures which you see before you.' Just look at her beautiful legs – and the rest of her equipment, from her breasts to her vulva, is as near perfection as one could wish. Indeed, the ten pictures of her which you publish bring me close to erection every time I look at them.

Having said so much in your praise, it is with some trepidation that I offer a mild word of criticism. Why do we never see pictures of male nudity? To me, at any rate, the penis – especially in the state of erection – can be as exciting as the vagina. I agree with your two correspondents J B, Chichester, and Mrs P Cook, Birmingham, that you should publish photographs of some of your girls with their boyfriends and, may I add, there should be no attempt to hide the evidence of their sex!

H C S, Horsham, Sussex

As a woman, I was most interested in your 'Quest' on school uniforms. This subject has fascinated me since my own schooldays, some fifteen years ago.

Then, uniforms varied from

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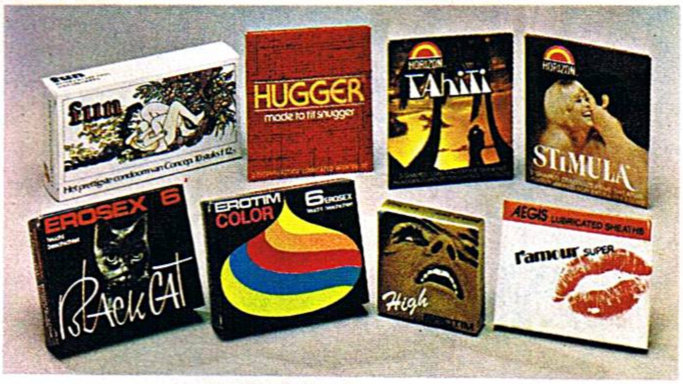

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LETTERS

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school to school, but generally speaking the more expensive the school, the more elaborate the uniform. My parents believed it was more important for the boys to go to a good school. Girls just got married, boys had to make a career. Consequently my brothers were at a better type of school than mine, and they had better uniforms. At the time I began to take an interest in uniforms, I was about fourteen.

I was jealous of the boys' uniforms and at the same time I was attracted to boys who wore uniforms. Poor boys at state schools did not wear uniforms at all, or if they did, they just wore a tie and cap. I liked the more elaborate uniforms of the posh schools. My brothers' school was run by priests and was a medium-priced school. Mine, although fee-paying, was below medium, but was run by nuns. My brothers had lots of friends, all in school uniform – I liked the boys best who had the better uniforms. One school, which was very exclusive, had a mauve blazer and a very elaborate crest. I often talked to these boys when they were waiting for my brothers. I had a crush, of sorts, on several of them. One of the subjects the boys were always talking about was the punishment they received at school. We got punished in our convent school but not as often or as hard as did the boys at their college schools. Our teachers gave us the cane across the hands if we were naughty or did not do our homework. Very occasionally a girl was caned across the seat of her gym slip.

The boys, especially the friends of my older brother, got more severe punishment, and often they would show me their wounds. At first they would just show me their swollen hands. Then, when they had been caned on their bottoms, they would compare wounds at our house after school. Sometimes I was let see the results. In the beginning only my small brother would let me look, then my older brother, and later some of his friends.

At first the boys were upset at unbuttoning their trousers and their drawers, to show me the marks. And initially would do this before I came into the room. Later they undid themselves in my presence and let me look. I liked the heavy elastic braces, and the clever way they were attached to the loops of the drawers. I liked their heavy wool drawers, so comfortable and warm. I often noticed that the older boys got an erection when letting me look.

I did think at the time that full-length drawers were a sign of manhood.

Likewise, a boy who could take a heavy dose of the cane, was one to be admired. I gave many of the boys a rubbing with my hands to try to ease the pain, and they liked it. So did I. If we were just together we did some petting as well. I think the boys were very sorry that I did not have a caned bottom that they could massage. Even today I look hard at schoolboys in uniform as they pass.

Ms B C (address withheld)

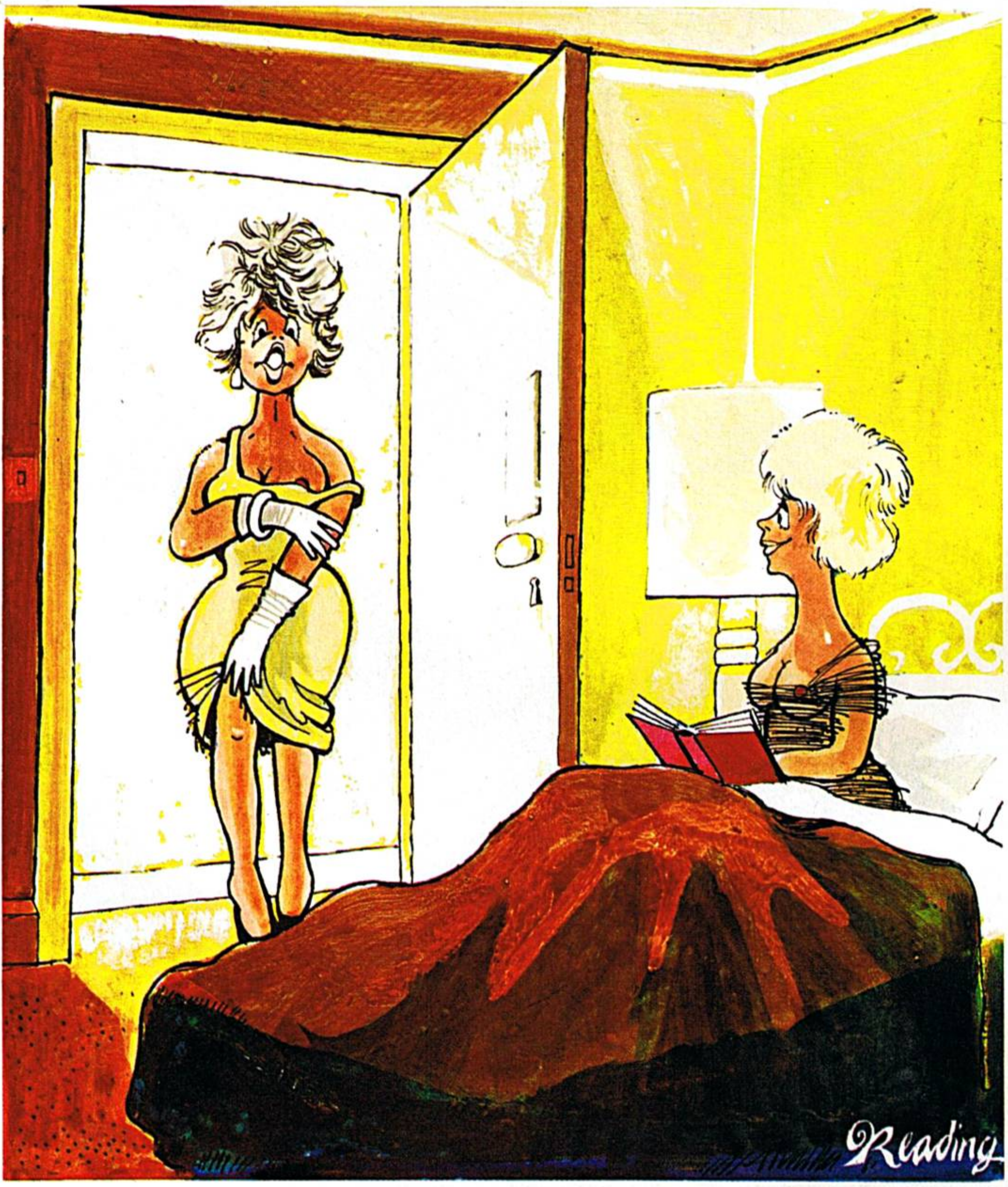
Ah, well, boys, winter drawers on . . .

I like a film critic who reviews films which don't get popular press coverage. It shows initiative. So, hurrah for Gerry Cole giving *Adventures of a Private Detective* a bold mention. However I would like to raise one point. Angela Scoular is considered the best Ophelia of her generation. Being a good actress she is a mistress of disguise. I couldn't recognise her in the film. I thought she was either the dingy secretary or the sinister relative at the Hall. But since she bared her breasts, I suppose she might have been the saucy maid.

Fred R Fletcher, London NW11

Gerald Cole writes: sorry Mr F but Miss Scoular is definitely credited with an appearance in the movie – as Jane, amorous wife of a police inspector, who mistakes our hero Bob West as a plumber and promptly retires with him to the living room sofa, where she is surprised moments later – in a state of undress – by an irate husband. Certainly she did not appear to be in disguise but I am reliably informed that her breasts were quite genuine.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



'I had such a romantic lump in my throat – I didn't notice the lump in his trousers.'